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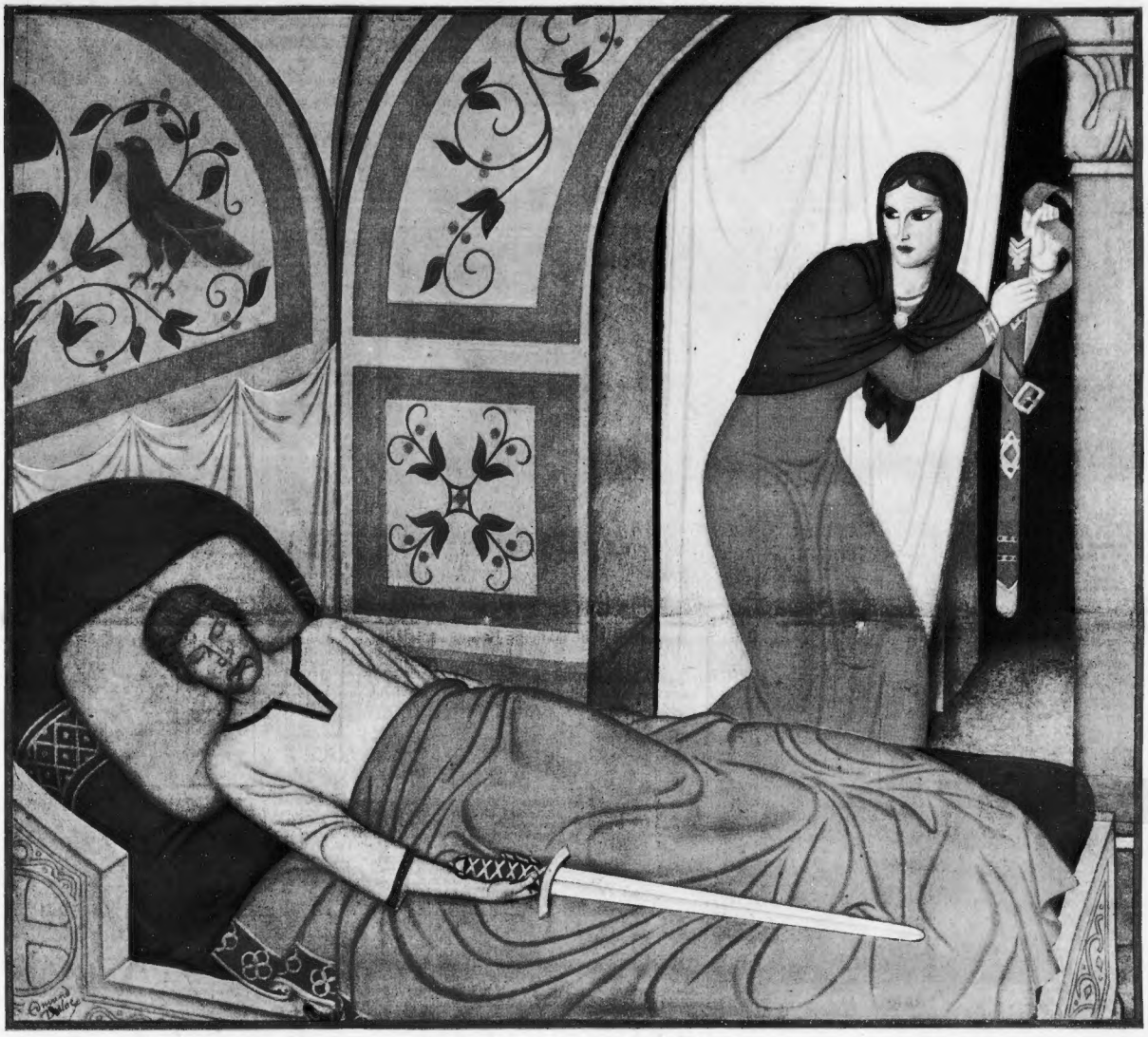

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

No. 3—The Tale of the Enchantress and the Magic Scabbard

KING ARTHUR had a sister, Morgan Le Fay, or Morgana the Enchantress. She was clever with spells and disturbing to the mind, but otherwise she wasn't what you'd expect in faeryland. Her husband was King Uriens, an innocent man, but she had a gift for falling in love with almost anyone else, and whoever stood in her way she tried to murder. A queer relative for King Arthur, but those things will happen.

When she learned that her brother possessed Excalibur, the sword of swords, and the magic scabbard that went with it, she thought how useful the weapon would be for Accolon of Gaul, the gentleman whom at the moment she favored. So when Accolon was out hunting with Arthur and Uriens, all the best of friends, she put a spell on them and they fell asleep, at a place not clearly marked on the map, but it was a two days' journey from Camelot. When Accolon woke up he was lying by a deep well, within half a foot of the edge. When Arthur opened his eyes he was in jail. When Uriens came to he was in bed beside Morgan, his wife, who had run out of ideas and could think of no other place to put him.

Meanwhile, she helped herself to Excalibur and the scabbard, which she sent to Accolon by the hands of a dwarf, a homely creature with a large mouth and a flat nose, who was good for nothing but errands. Accolon had almost finished his nap and was about to turn over on his side when he felt the cold air out of the well and blessed himself, recalling what dangers there are in the world. "God grant nothing has happened to King Arthur," said he, and just then up limped the dwarf.

"I come from Morgan Le Fay," said the dwarf.

"May the angels guard the lady!" said Accolon.

"She hopes you'll help the angels a bit," said the dwarf. "There's a man near by she's taken a hearty dislike to, and if you're rude to him she won't hold it against you. He can be found at the end of the wood, an hour before noon. She says, try this sword on him."

"I have a sword," said Accolon. "One's enough."

"Alongside of this," said the dwarf, "yours is no better than a woodcutter's hook. This is Excalibur. Arthur lends it to you on purpose, just for the morning."

"When it comes to thoughtfulness," said Accolon, "there's little to choose between him and her, and lucky I am to serve both at once."

Now when King Uriens woke up and saw his wife Morgan on the other pillow, he gave a start.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What kind of greeting is that at dawn?" said she. "Where did you think you were?"

From her tone he knew *all* was as usual, and having risen and dressed himself and broken his fast, he went about the day's work, but he had a bad headache. Here we leave *him*.

While Arthur was marveling how he got into jail, and who had removed his sword, there came a damsel and said, "What cheer?" which is the same as "How are you getting on?"

"What a question!" said he.

"I could tell you how to get out of this," said she.

"It would be welcome news," said he.

"You must fight the man who owns the place," said she, "but you'll find him easy, you being a practiced hand."

"Easy?" said Arthur. "I'd need a horse and something to fight with."

"All in good time," said she. "Here's your sword, with the scabbard." He thought it was Excalibur, but it was only an imitation.

"I'll step out now and get the horse," said she. "Already the man takes his morning exercise at the end of the wood. Gird you for battle, and your sister sends her love."

So Arthur fought Accolon, but their heads not being clear, neither recognized either. Arthur heaved a stroke and Accolon heaved another, but Arthur's sword did not bite the way it should, and he began to bleed so that he feared the scab-

(Continued on Page 18)

When Dworak Was Taken to Police Headquarters, He Fell on His Knees Before the Golden Hoard He Had Stolen and Crazily Ran the Coins Through His Pudgy Fingers.

The Thief Who Stole Only Pure Gold

BUDAPEST.

SOME kind of record for thievery has just been hung up by Norbert Dworak in this picturesque city on the Danube. Mr. Dworak had succeeded his father as head of the Budapest branch of the A. G. Schied Company of Vienna. Everything seemed to be going along fine just as it had for 88 years ever since the Dworak family became connected with the business.

The firm was an old and trusted one. The Budapest branch served jewelers and goldsmiths by melting down their scrap gold into bars and ingots so it could be used again for diamond settings, watch cases or any of the other things for which fine craftsmen use gold.

When scrap gold is melted a representative of the owner looks through a little window in the furnace to make sure no one is making off with any of the precious metal.

One morning in the main office in Vienna, the Schied company got a letter from Budapest that sent the dignified head men into a flittery conference in the inner sanctum. They dispatched it post haste to the Budapest police.

For an anonymous letter, it got quick results. Budapest detectives, disguised as jewelers' representatives, took gold to the furnaces. They also took a good look around. They discovered a secret door at the back of the furnace. Behind the door was a hidden passageway. When the detectives explored this, they brushed against many irons spoons and ladles of assorted sizes, hanging on the wall.

The detectives grilled the 40-odd employes to learn more. Eight confessed. They had been guilty of strange practices. And every one of the eight told the same story. Mr. Dworak had been putting bonuses into their weekly pay envelopes for work that was ridiculously easy. All they did was ladle a little bit of molten gold out of the bubbling crucibles when no one was looking. Then they put back a little metal that looked like gold but wasn't. So expert had these workmen become that none of the customers had been any the wiser.

The detectives followed this hot trail. They explored the basement and discovered a cache of forty gold ingots, weighing two pounds each, just as the workmen had said. But these, the guilty men added, were small pickings. Much more probably was buried in the garden at Dworak's home, or his mother's residence.

The police dug up the garden of the Dworak home. They had no luck, so they tried the attic. Their eyes bulged as they discovered a collection of antique coins that weighed more than 80 pounds. But the real value was $300,000 for these coins were collector's items.

Now the officers could go after Dworak. They had no "buried treasure," but Dworak had failed to declare his gold coin collection as Hungarian law prescribed. In fact he was already guilty of one infringement of the law.

Dworak, a well-fed but choleric bachelor of fifty, laughed off the whole thing. He steal gold? Ridiculous. Those coins he had inherited from his father. Collecting antique pieces had been the old man's hobby. The gold ingots? He had acquired them honestly over the 33 years he had worked for the firm. His family had a long record for honesty. Hadn't his father also served the firm faithfully—for 55 years before that?

But when he was confronted with the piles of gold at police headquarters Dworak went off the deep end. His suave manner vanished. He trembled violently at sight of the yellow bars. His eyes glowed fanatically as he lovingly cuddled the gold coins in his fingers. Joyfully, he tossed them into the air. He ran around the room counting aloud in a frenzy of fear that some might be missing. Then he settled down when a rapid count—done with a speed that a lightning-calculator might envy—showed all were there.

Led from the room and calmed down, Dworak's manner again abruptly changed. Finally he broke down and confessed. "I'll show you the gold," he said, and led the detectives to his garden. "Dig here," he directed. A yard down in the solid earth, the spade struck a strong box. Inside were gold ingots. Three more boxes were found.

Such a local story pushed war news off the Budapest front pages. And when Dworak's statement was printed the populace called him the "gold maniac" for this is what he said:

"I am a rich man," he boasted, "and I have simple tastes. I never spent any of the gold and never meant to. The people from whom I took a tiny vestige, substituting for it another metal, are none the worse for it. They were not aware of their loss so no harm was done. I derived no actual profit from it, save the knowledge that the gold is mine, mine, mine!"

Dworak's gold hoard has been turned over to the National Bank of Hungary for safe-keeping and he has been placed in jail for the same reason. Already he has been fined four million pengoes—about $300,000—for concealing gold.

Since his thefts were spread among thousands of customers of the Scheid firm, it may be years before Dworak finally comes to trial because it may be necessary to verify the amount of each individual theft.

In the meantime, psychologists say that his miserly aberration is Oromania and that anyone who has this mental quirk won't steal anything but gold.

Where Anybody Can Ride To Hounds For Five Dollars

YOICKS! Yoicks! And a couple of tallyhos!

If the ambitions of Douglas Hertz, wealthy equestrian enthusiast of Rockleigh, N. J., are realized, and they are already off to a flying start, the bosky dells and open pastures of America will soon be echoing to the merry cries of thousands of average citizens riding to hounds. The surrounding countryside will be festooned with scarlet hunting-coated and riding-habited enthusiasts and the sale of arnica, liniment and rubbing alcohol will increase by leaps and bounds.

Of course Mr. Hertz, an expert horseman himself, is not interested in booming the patronage of drugstores. That angle of the sport is distinctly a personal matter between the equestrian who takes part in the hunt and the horse that he rides. Among other factors, it depends upon whether horse and rider finish the hunt together or separately. Mr. Hertz, however, does furnish the horse, the "phantom" fox and the hounds which always follow its scent but never meet it in the flesh.

He does all this for $5 per huntsman at the huge Pegasus Polo and Hunt Club which he owns, and by doing so, he is making it possible for anyone who likes riding to follow the hounds whether the enthusiast be an attorney or a zither player.

Undaunted by the knowledge that it took years to convince the majority of skeptical Americans that the ancient game of golf, imported from Scotland, was not exclusively a rich man's sport but could be enjoyed by anyone who relished socking a little white ball with a club, Mr. Hertz believes that equestrians on this side of the Atlantic will rapidly learn that following the hounds is much too thrilling a sport to be reserved exclusively for English aristocracy. In fact, in adapting his pet sport to American requirements, he immediately hurdled many of the obstacles which golf enthusiasts found in their path when they introduced that game to the sportsman.

At New Jersey's Pegasus Polo and Hunt Club Men and Women Who Want to Emulate the Aristocracy of Britain and This Country Can Do So With a Total Investment of Five Dollars.

Many folks still remember thinking of the golfing fan of some years ago as a "fancypants" because he wore knickers or plus fours and, depending upon their point of view, regarding him as a wealthy man or a snob, because he set off for an exclusive club with a bag of golf clubs over his arm for what the punsters of the day dubbed "a round of pasture pool." Today, of course, with municipal links and inexpensive golf courses all over the country, golf is one of the most popular outdoor sports. But it took a comparatively long time to become one.

"Riding to hounds has immediately proven popular wherever it has been introduced into this country, especially since it is within reach of everyone's pocketbook, and a man or woman does not have to belong to any club in order to participate," says Mr. Hertz. "It is one outdoor sport which provides both thrills and relaxation and gives its fans a thorough workout of every muscle of the body in good, healthy exercise."

In England, he points out, the wealthiest subscribers to a hunt are privileged to ride up behind the master of hounds and his aides while the more modest contributors ride along in the rear. At the New Jersey club, anyone who pays his $5 for horse hire may ride as close to the master of hounds as his horsemanship makes possible.

Despite the fact that a fox is a predatory animal with a bounty on his head, Americans are more squeamish about hunting them with hounds than are the English. The charge of cruelty to animals is never brought up at the Pegasus hunts, however, because the "fox" consists of a bundle of heavily scented rags which is dragged over the course to be followed. This course is generally about 15 miles in length and the drag hunt is conducted as follows:

Early on the morning of the hunt, a motor-driven trailer takes the drag, or scent-laying horse, to an open pasture where the hunt will start. Here the fox-scent, a liquid preparation, is mixed up in a tub and a bundle of rags attached to a rope is dipped into it. The preparation is strong enough to knock over a person standing downwind at three paces, although the hounds, except those with colds in the nose, seem to love it. Since the latter don't take part in the hunt anyway, this makes absolutely no difference.

A rider then mounts the drag horse and tows the scented bundle of rags over the course which he has laid out and which he has kept secret from those who will participate in the hunt. He goes through open pastures, bits of woodland and interesting riding country, jumping several fences to provide additional thrills. As Mr. Hertz wishes to encourage amateur horsemen, however, every fence which is jumped also has a way around it for riders who don't want to jump or whose horses refuse. This word "refuse" which is used quite frequently among drag hunters is a polite way of saying that the horse just won't jump.

Sometimes the horse "refuses" and the rider doesn't. This usually means that they part company. It may also mean arnica and meals taken standing up for a day or so.

Every once in a while as the drag layer goes over the course, he raises the scented bundle from the ground. When that happens, the hounds will lose the trail. This is called "checking" and the riders can rest themselves and their horses while the hounds pick it up again.

When the drag has been laid over the entire course, he returns to the stables and the hunt begins. The hounds catch the scent and are off in pursuit with the huntsmen hot on their trail. Well trained hounds generally have little difficulty in following the trail but sometimes incidents occur which add even more excitement.

A live fox, for example, may take it into its wily head to cross a drag laid scent, leaving one of its own to complicate matters. Or the fragrant odor of wurst and sausage may be wafted on the air from a nearby smokehouse. This calls for suppressive measures by the master of hounds who must get the dogs back on the scent.

"I have always wondered why hounds look so melancholy," one amateur drag hunter recently remarked to a master of hounds. "Now I know why. At the end of the course the scent simply disappears, and after running fifteen miles the hounds find no fox."

But the hunters enjoy a day of exciting sport, which anyone can buy for five dollars.

The Woman Picked Up the Neatly Dressed Corpse of Her Mother and Tried to Run Away From the Doctor and the Undertaker. She Screamed That the Old Woman Was Alive.

Played Doll With Her Dead Mother's Body

THE little girls of Prescott, Arizona, as they undress, dress, and "feed" their dolls wonder why mother says "hush, hush" when they ask why the neighbors are saying that middle-aged Christania Peterson treated her mother's body just the way they care for their toys.

And grown people who never have believed in ghosts now give the old-fashioned house at the edge of town a wide berth. Even with old Mrs. Peterson now safely buried in the town cemetery and her daughter no longer creeping about the empty house with that wild look in her eyes, they feel that anything strange might happen there again. And they just don't want to be too close to that house if it does. For it may be of a piece with the grim show that went on for nearly a week and shocked everyone when the newspapers printed it as a matter of public record.

As a rule, Arizona citizens aren't easily affected by harrowing tales. Many a hair-raising happening in the wild and woolly days the pioneer State took in its stride. But the Peterson case stopped everyone short.

When people die anywhere in the United States, a death certificate must be obtained before burial can be made. The giving of such a certificate is a routine matter except in cases where death is not the result of natural causes. The customary procedure is for the County Doctor's office, or the official concerned with the same task of keeping vital statistics, to make an examination. Then if there are no suspicious circumstances, the certificate is immediately forthcoming.

But news of Mrs. Hedvig Peterson's death did not reach the Yavapai County Doctor's office in the usual way. An excited voice came over the telephone. "I think there is a dead woman at the Peterson home," it said. "I think you had better investigate at once."

The doctor found the house deserted. There was no answer to his knock at the front door. He tried the back. Then he went again to the front. Suddenly the door was flung open. A wild-eyed, middle-aged woman demanded to know what he wanted.

The neighbors had reported a death in the house, the doctor explained gently, and he had come to arrange for the death certificate.

The woman introduced herself as Christania Peterson who lived there with her mother. She insisted the neighbors were mistaken. No one was dead there.

The doctor persisted. Since he had received this report he must make a thorough investigation. Perhaps she was mistaken. He would like to come in, please. Finally the woman yielded. She let him enter the house.

As he stepped through the doorway, the doctor saw an old woman sitting stiffly upright in a dusty rocking chair. He spoke to her courteously but there was no answer. An odd rigidity about her posture made him step closer.

The daughter flung herself between them.

"Don't you touch my mother," she screamed. "She isn't dead. She is just in a coma. She will soon be all right again."

The doctor tried to calm the distraught daughter. He made her sit in a chair. Then he examined the silent old lady. His first impressions were confirmed. The old woman, Mrs. Hedvig Peterson, had been dead of natural causes for nearly a week.

The daughter hysterically denied that her mother was dead. When an undertaker called at the doctor's request to remove the body, Christania fought them both off. Then she snatched up her mother's thin old body and tried to run with it from the house.

The police had to be called before the body could be removed for burial. Only after the doctor assured the daughter that he was having her mother taken to a hospital for treatment did the woman calm down enough to allow the corpse to be carried out to waiting hearse. At the last moment, two policemen had to hold the excited woman in a chair, as her mother actually left the house.

Police could hardly believe the incredible story that Christania Peterson finally told them. But the slightly demented woman assured them every word was true.

For five whole days she had cared for the cold and stiff body of her mother just as if the old lady were alive to appreciate every service that was done for her. Christania would prop up the body in bed, carefully wash and dress it in the old lady's faded best with loving care. Then she carried it to the kitchen where she "fed" the dead woman. Just how the investigators could not quite understand.

Afterwards she sat the corpse in the old lady's favorite chair in the living room where the doctor had found her. It was here that the 83-year-old woman had loved to sew, crochet and read her well-thumbed books. Christania refused to say but officials admitted that it was possible she had slept in the bed with her mother's body.

All during her self-imposed ordeal the daughter had prayed that the dead woman would wake out of her "coma" because she was terrorized at the thought of living in the big old house alone. After her mother's funeral, the daughter was examined by experts who said that the ordeal had been too much for her and that she was insane. She was committed to an asylum.

A Dog That Insists On Working For Uncle Sam

THE Postmaster-General of the United States has one enthusiastic worker in the Macon, Georgia, post office who doesn't cost him a cent.

This guardian of the United States mails is a female German police dog, Gyp, who not only volunteers her help but insists upon giving it every day. She demands no sick leave, no vacation, and when she's absent the post office force knows it's because her owner has locked the gate to the dog pen.

Some months ago, the dog developed a liking for a carrier whose route included the street on which her owner, Miss Julia Hogue, lives. Gyp began making the rounds with him, and stood guard over the mail while he made exchanges from his pouch to the big metal storage boxes.

Gyp Shows Up at the Post Office Every Morning, to Take Up Her Self-imposed Job of Guarding the Mail.

But this was merely Gyp's apprenticeship. She learned that her favorite carrier returned to the post office each day and she was much impressed with the added volume of mail handled there and the additional men in uniform. So she began tagging him there every day.

The carrier became self-conscious about that, so he decided one day to give Gyp the slip. He boarded a bus and rode downtown, but when he reached the post office Gyp greeted him with a tail wagging rapidly in forgiveness.

At the post office she began guarding mail sacks and packages as if she feared some outsider planned to make a raid. But good workers don't wait until afternoon to report to work, as a rule, so her next step was to show up at the post office daily at 6:45 A. M. Now she is just as regular in getting to work as any other member of the staff, and the men who work in the Macon post office will look back at you in anger if you doubt them when they declare the dog can tell time.

Of course the staff tried at first to keep her out of the post office, but she developed such ingenuity in getting in that she won their complete affection and admiration.

Her favorite on the staff is still the carrier with whom she first made friends, and she not only considers herself a guardian of Uncle Sam's mails but his personal bodyguard as well.

Gyp's fondness for salted peanuts and ice cream is well-known. When her postal pals give her a package of peanuts she carefully tears the paper at one end and removes the nuts a few at a time as a lady should.

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When Greta Garbo Visited Stockholm, She Is Said to Have Taken Her Superstitions With Her and Believed That One Member of Her Retinue Actually Made It Snow In Her Home Town Just to Please Her.

Why Mystic RACKETEERS Get Rich in Hollywood

Vivien Leigh, Heroine of "Gone With the Wind," Whose Rise to Stardom Was So Spectacular As to Inspire Superstition Among the Less Fortunate.

Rivaling the Famous Producers in Spectacular Showmanship, Their "Occult" Schemes Seldom Fail to Fool the Superstitious Stars. Just As That Clever Gypsy Gypped Lupe Velez in the Latest Real-Life Comedy at Which the Whole Movie Colony Is Still Laughing—But Not Out Loud

By LLOYD PANTAGES,
Well-known Motion Picture Commentator.

THE Hollywood movie colony is still laughing over Lupe Velez' recent misadventure with an ingratiating gypsy who neatly gypped her out of $2,500—but nobody is laughing out loud.

Mystic racketeers of every description live off the fat of the land in Hollywood, where practically everybody is superstitious, so it isn't considered good form to laugh too hilariously when the news gets out that somebody else has been stung.

He who laughs loudest may be the next victim—or may make others suspect that he has already been nicked. So the wisest thing to do is just chuckle.

Outside of India, probably no spot on earth has as many credulous persons to the square foot as Hollywood, where gypsies, swamis, crystal gazers and all sorts of fortune-tellers, with lucky charms to sell or occult schemes for winning fame and fortune, are continually leading studio folks a merry chase and enticing a rich harvest out of them, from the most sophisticated, hard-boiled directors right on down to starry-eyed youngsters and their ever-hopeful mammas.

But that really isn't as surprising as it first seems, if you take into account what an important part luck plays in most screen careers.

Look at the way Vivien Leigh stumbled into the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," when virtually every well-known and able-bodied actress in Hollywood, except Shirley Temple and May Robson, was moving Heaven and earth to get that part. Thousands of dollars and many months had been squandered in a vain attempt to find somebody who would live up to an exacting public's preconceived impression of the Georgia spitfire. Then Vivien Leigh, at that time a comparatively unknown English actress, just happened to drop around to the studio to see a friend, and right away the director decided that she would make an ideal Scarlett. And it now seems that motion picture audiences are enthusiastically agreeing with him, in a big way.

That's the kind of thing that makes people in show business, any branch of show business, but specially the movies, such firm believers in luck. So it's no wonder they fall for all sorts of hocus-pocus and pay almost any price to woo good luck and ward off bad.

The fortune-telling acts and occult shows that take them in range all the way from simple tea-cup readings to the materialization of ghosts with sound and light effects—but the one thing all the performances must have is showmanship. The mystic racketeers who have flocked to Hollywood from all over the world have found that out, and oftentimes they put on their elaborate acts with a showmanship that rivals the best efforts of famous producers.

Familiar with every stage trick and lighting effect, screen stars are the most critical audience on earth, and these occult spectacles have to be adroitly presented in order to fool them. One false move or insincere note, one little hitch in the plot, and the performers who are not supposed to be acting, are likely to go to jail.

Perhaps there is no better example of the perfect direction, plotting and acting that go with one of these mystic dramas than the bilking of Lupe Velez. Basically, it was that old, threadbare plot of blessing (and stealing) the money. A brand new idea might succeed with ordinary ability but to put that old one over on the sharp-eyed Mexican and a lot of others indicates genius.

The drama opened in Lupe's boudoir a few weeks ago, where the diminutive star was getting her beauty sleep at three o'clock one Friday afternoon. The real star at that moment was ringing the front door bell.

CULVER SERVICE Photos

Charlie Chaplin, One of Hollywood's Most Profound Students of the Occult, But His Studies Are Not Based on the Hope for Monetary Gain and He Has Been Too Smart to Be Intrigued by the Charlatans.

The Laje Cheiro, Famous Palmist of the Movie Colony, Who Became Almost as Well Known as the Screen Stars, Due to their Eagerness to Glimpse the Future.

She was a young woman in sports clothes who asked for someone at the wrong address. The maid could not help so she brought the stranger to the colored cook who knows everybody in Hollywood. But even her encyclopedic knowledge was of no avail.

However, the stranger was so grateful for the attempt that she read the cook's fortune with a pack of cards explaining that she was Amelia Miller, a gypsy, on her day off.

The reading was so accurate that the cook was flabbergasted. It did not occur to her that this person who wasn't charging anything might have had all this information collected for her in advance. Just then in came Lupe's sister, Queenie, which was a great stroke of luck, but Amelia was all ready for it.

The gypsy promptly gave Queenie such a miraculous reading that she ran right up and awoke her famous sister, a dangerous thing to do before her regular rising hour of 4 P. M. when she is not working. But Queenie managed to get her sister so interested in the marvelous gypsy that Lupe omitted the usual emotional scene, slipped a mink coat over her nightie and met the stranger smiling.

Lupe's reading, as might be expected, transcended the other two and lasted more than a couple of hours. Miss Velez was entertained, interested and curious, but not fooled at all.

She gave the woman a check for $15 and thought that was the end of it, but next day she was back, because the check was wrong.

Instead of Amelia Miller, of Nancy Street, Lupe had made it Nancy Miller of Amelia Street. There was another hour's reading for which the check was raised to $19, the union scale for gypsy fortune telling being $4 an hour. For good measure and good luck she blessed a handkerchief.

To Lupe's surprise, she was back again next day. She told Lupe her luck hadn't been good because of a curse on her from false friends, envious of her wealth and success. That sounded logical, and her luck hadn't been so good. Besides, this was to be free, so Lupe gave her three pairs of stockings and an old dress she didn't want anyway, to take away and bless and remove the evil influences.

CULVER SERVICE

It Cost Lupe Velez $2,500 for Her Faith in the Gypsy Who Prayed Beside Her Day After Day and, During the Final Prayer, Reached Right Under the Star's Nightie and Stole the Money From an Old Gown in Which It Had Been Wrapped.

She and Lupe prayed over them, and again she left. Lupe didn't care. It was fun, and she had been going to give the things away anyway.

Then, to her surprise, Miss Miller came back the next day and returned the clothing. Whether it was prayer, gypsy magic or amusement which did it, Lupe began to feel less depressed. This time she gave her some cash money besides to take away and bless, partly out of sardonic curiosity to see how honest the woman was, and partly to get rid of her. So far, Miss Miller was remarkably convincing.

Each time, Amelia kept her word and returned. Finally Lupe gave her $159 to take away and pray over. She thought so large a loss might cure her, and teach her not to meddle with gypsy strangers again. Back it came too, minus one dollar, which Amelia said she put in the poor-box at church. Lupe was bewildered. She tried the woman with a priceless evening gown, and it returned on schedule too.

This went on for weeks. Then Lupe had five hundred dollars for Christmas shopping. Amelia appeared, jubilant that the curse was lifting, and excited Lupe too. The gypsy asked her how much cash she could get at once, and Lupe leaped out of bed, scrambled into some clothes, raced to the bank and drew out an additional two thousand dollars.

With Amelia never touching it, but at her orders, Lupe wrapped her twenty-five hundred dollars in a piece of old nightgown. Amelia told her to carry it always on her person, and pray over it for three days running at exactly 1 A. M. Lupe forgot to do it completely, twice. She lost the precious bundle out of her own chemise six separate times, only to remember in time to recover it.

The third day at 4 P. M., back came Amelia. She got Lupe out of bed, on her knees praying with her. The money was still down her neck. Amelia suggested Queenie and her husband should pray with them, but they couldn't make it before 6 o'clock, so she and Lupe remained kneeling, praying away for dear life. Amelia made incantations over the magic bundle. While Lupe was still on her knees, Amelia reached under the star's nightie, just to give that money one last blessing.

With the bundle still down her back, Lupe then saw the gypsy to the door.

At the door, Amelia told her to go back to bed and pray without pause until she returned, and then departed in a small car. Lupe remounted the stairs, praying dutifully. She prayed all the way back to her room and to bed, but praying more and more slowly as suspicion dawned upon her. After less than five minutes, she couldn't stand it another second, and opened the package to find—newspapers.

There was a shriek to split the ceiling, and bedlam broke loose. When Lupe is mad she is very very mad, and when she is gypped she is horrid. She shrieked for the police, and pretty soon her house was crowded with officers. (Beverly Hills protects its rich movie stars, and Lupe's jewels are famous.) Accompanied by Lupe, they started out to comb the town, with the actress broadcasting from a police car descriptions of the missing gypsy. But Amelia had dematerialized. After the first excitement it came to light that others in the same week had been swindled out of $31,500, mostly by the same trick, if not the same person.

Miss Velez, in spite of her righteous indignation, admits that she has been in the presence of a great actress and, like many others, wonders why such talent does not appear in the movies.

In a town where almost everyone is interested in the occult and so many follow it, the number of victims is large. But most of them suffer in silence rather than have their public think them fools. But a few, like Miss Velez, have had the courage to tell how they were duped and thus save others.

Mary Miles Minter's mother was tricked out of hundreds of thousands of dollars by a promoter from Pasadena. Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen were stung on worthless gold stock and did not mind telling because no spirits were involved in the fraud.

Not all who practice the occult are swindlers or thieves, like Lupe's gypsy. Many just put on their strange spectacle, let you believe it or not, and pay if you see fit—and sometimes they go through their rigmarole just for the fun of it, as a sort of parlor trick.

Greta Garbo, for instance, was once visiting in her own native land and happened to have as her guest a popular mystic from Hollywood. When Greta complained because Stockholm at that time was not covered with snow, the mystic started uttering important-sounding, magic words, making gestures and doing other impressive things. Then, so it is said, the first flakes of a regular blizzard descended over the city.

Of course the mystic may have happened to notice an advance guard flake or two and taken a chance that more were on their way. Also if anyone has the power to jerk snow

(Continued on Page 18)

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"THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT"

The Word Is "Evzone," and It Means "Wasp-Waisted." It Also Stands for a Husky Highlander Who Is a First-Class Fighting Man in Spite of His Ladylike Get-Up

MANY a Babbitish traveler in Greece, on his way to putter around the magnificent ruins of the Acropolis, has stared in amused amazement at a parade of what looks to him like a troupe of masculine ballet dancers.

Fluffy-ruffle skirts a-swing, their legs encased in gartered white "tights," their heads topped with little red caps fitted with pretty blue tassels, their feet glistening in a sort of rosy boudoir slipper with blue puff-balls on the toe, these ladylike looking soldiers may not seem to be first-class fighting men.

But the Greeks have a word for a doughboy in such a musical-comedy get-up. It is "Evzone"—and it means, in a free translation into everyday English—"good waistline." The Greeks also have several other words for these hand-picked infantrymen. And they are all proud and respectful words—because the Evzones, as every foreign military observer knows, are anything but "girly-girly" scrappers.

The Evzones are the cream of the current Greek military crop. They are stationed at the royal palace in Athens. Every man in the outfit is a husky six-footer in the pink of physical condition. Every man is a hardy mountaineer with a love of fighting in his blood. He's a crack shot, and a past master at scrapping with the bayonet. The ruffles and embroidered doo-dads that he wears are not effeminate to him. On the contrary. The linen kilts have been traditional Greek costume for centuries. Some of the toughest guys in the world have worn them, and are still wearing them.

Greece hopes it can keep out of the mess that is threatening to plunge Europe into a bigger and tougher war than the one that shook the world a couple of decades ago. But if this country is dragged in, the Evzones will unwind themselves from their fancy frills, put on khaki working clothes and get down to the grim business for which they have been finely raised. Under such conditions they would not be foolish enough to march into the front line in gala get-ups that would make them easy targets.

The Evzones are to their country what the hairy-legged highlanders are to Scotland. They never think of the uniforms for which they are famous as odd or unmasculine, any more than the hardy Scots look upon their kilts and their gaiters as raiment on the feminine side.

The soldiers who strike some visiting tourists as ballet dancers who ought to go back to their barracks and swap their skirts for some he-man pants are the envy of the rest of the Greek army. They are, as has been said, the flower of the nation's manhood. They have to be born and brought up in the mountains. They have to be big and tough and able to write their deep patriotism with bullets and bayonets. And the Government pays them premium wages for being the kind of soldiers they are.

The Greeks have a word for Evzone. It means wasp-waisted—and it also means what Kipling meant when he coined the phrase "a first-class fighting man."

BLACK STAR PHOTO

Some People Who Are Unfamiliar With the Outfits Worn by the Crack Infantrymen of the Greek Army Might Think That This Worm's-Eye View of a Squad of Fighting Men Shows a Group of "Sissies" That Wouldn't Be Much Good in a Tough Scrap. But the "Evzones," as the Skirted Soldiers Are Called, Rank With Uncle Sam's "Leathernecks" and With the Seasoned Troops of Any Other Nation in the Ability to Stand the Rigors of Modern Warfare.

This Sergeant in an Evzones Regiment Is as Careful of the Pleats in His Skirt, and the Hang of His Garters as a Scottish "Lady From Hell" Is of His Gaiters and His Kilt. This Is the Dress Uniform of the Regiment Which, of Course, Would Not Be Worn in the Trenches If Greece Goes Into the War.

This Pair of Evzones Are Doing the Greek Equivalent of the Highland Fling—Because They Are Hardy Mountaineers Whose Ancestors Have Been Wearing Ruffled Skirts for Centuries. When the So-Called "Petticoat Guards" Were Formed Many Years Ago, the Husky Young Greeks From the Highlands Insisted That They Be Allowed to Stick to the Skirts That Distinguished Them From the Lowlanders. The Photograph Shows a Couple of the Doughboys Swinging It Between Drill Periods.

When Judy McCrea — the Pretty Young Woman in the Photographs Below—Isn't Busy Distracting the Tired Business Man at London's Windmill Theatre, She Does Her Bit for Her Country as an Air Raid Warden in the Paddington Section of the Metropolis.

ACME PHOTOS

England's Prettiest Air Raid Warden

ALTHOUGH the citizens of Great Britain are much too busy these days to give any time or thought to beauty contests, they still have an eye for the comely face and the "form divine" and they find time to put an intangible and unofficial crown on the head of some charming young woman doing her bit for King and country.

One such girl is Miss Judy McCrea, showgirl by profession, and air-raid warden in the Paddington district of the English capital. Patrons of the Windmill Theatre, noted for the chorines that parade across its stage, spend their hard-earned shillings to gaze upon Miss McCrea in the outfit she is shown wearing in the photograph at the left. They get as much kick out of the girl's good looks when she shifts into her wartime outfit.

INT'L PHOTO

200 Kittens for the Champion Cat Mother

IF THE statistics about a female tiger cat named Babe have been set down accurately, this feline probably is the most remarkable member of her breed in the United States and, perhaps in the world.

The owner of Babe, Mr. Frank S. Church, of Saco, Maine, says that the cat—believe it or not—is 25 years old. It seems likely that this extraordinary age is right for Babe has long since lost all her teeth and has to live on a diet of milk, mush and soft fish cut up into little chunks. An occasional nip of catnip perks her up when she feels her years.

The really remarkable thing about Babe, apart from her long life, is the contribution she has made to the feline population. By conservative estimate she has brought up some 200 youngsters—most of which she has outlived, despite their proverbial nine lives.

"Babe" Had Four Kittens When She Was 25 Years Old.

Like other females of her species, Babe has produced a couple of families a year. She seldom has less than a quartet and several times she has come through with quintuplets. When she had passed her twenty-fifth birthday, says Mr. Church, she surprised her owners with a litter of four healthy and handsome kittens, and she didn't seem to mind the ordeal at all.

It is seldom that domesticated cats live to be more than 12 or 15 years old and those that do linger to this advanced age usually are halt and blind or both.

Although Babe hasn't had the publicity she deserves, her remarkable record is known to many people who have written to Mr. Church asking for proof of her age and maternal activity.

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Author Lewisohn's 3 Inspirations—2 Out—1 On Base

The Famous Novelist's First Wife Inspired His Writing, But Was Put Out at Second When a Younger, Prettier Muse Made a Hit With Him; And Now No. 2 Has Been Tagged While Trying to Get Home on No. 3's First Base Hit—3 Hits, No Runs, 2 Errors

Mr. Lewisohn's Second Marriage Covered a Lot of Territory. His Attorney and a Secretary Went Through the Ceremony for Him in Mexico, While the Author and Inspiration No. 2 Held Hands in Vermont, as Documents Confirming This Ceremony Winged Northward.

"PORTRAIT OF THELMA

"How you reach out for the splendors of the sun.
And fling forth song like golden javelins,
And fly transcendent over cares and sins
That cannot touch your pureness, soaring on
To where your dreams like silver rivers run!
Fleet, beautiful and bright, your spirit wins
The flush of dawn, the moan of violins
And the effulgence of deeds nobly done;
And then a very dove, you fold your wings
And nestle to my bosom, and you are
Like Gretchen in the garden long ago,
And very gentle is your voice that sings,
And your brow peaceful as the evening star,
And your heart tender as a hearthfire's glow."

—*Ludwig Lewisohn.*

IN 1937, when Thelma Bowman Lewisohn was an "inspiration" in good standing and supposed she was also the wife of Ludwig Lewisohn, eminent novelist and dramatic critic, he wrote the above testimonial which was published in "Driftwind," a monthly magazine of poetry.

But Thelma's inspirational value came to an abrupt end sometime before or after this word-portrait was painted. It seems that when an author's "inspiration" burns out she is something like a burned-out electric light bulb which must be removed from the socket and replaced with a new one.

The replacement, however, is likely to involve complications, as Mr. Lewisohn had already learned from previous experience. Of course an internationally-known author does not let his "inspiration" go with a brief note such as a stenographer may find on her desk some blue Monday. Probably nobody was ever "bounced" and told why in nobler, poetic language than the following:

"TO THELMA

"I set you free, remembering not forgetting
Viennese viol, Mediterranean flute
That filled our hearts before your heart was mute
And cold to mine, before the acrid fretting
Of frustrate lures intolerably begetting
Poison corroded love's untended root.
Your sun is at its zenith and your lute
Strung, and perhaps my stars are not yet at setting.
But now and then will come to you a vision
The desert that my homeland should have been
And the oasis with its thousand palms,
While I shall hear with exquisite precision
Your more than golden voice uplifted in
The Alte Liebe of Johannes Brahms."

—*L. L.*

Thelma acknowledged receipt of her "notice" in an equally exalted vein, making no poetic kick at being fired, mildly explaining why the boss had become dissatisfied and suggesting that she might be willing to go back to work in case her successor failed to make good on the job. This is how she said it:

"AN ANSWER

"You set me free because the mountain climb
To lofty Alpine reaches where no tree,
Nor bird, nor green of shelter over thee,
Because for this high altitude sublime,
You needed solitude and austere prayer,
As Moses in the desert spoke to God,
And from the burning bush and stupid clod,
Of earth, gained strength to mount the ultimate stair.

I wish you Godspeed and from Sinai's rock
Sometimes cast down a glance at mortal me,
Whose love for you will burn at a far shrine.

Lead upward as Isaiah then your flock,
But listen sometimes for the melody
Of Schubert's grace—my spirit calling thine."

—*Thelma Spear.*

Inspiration No. 1, Mary Arnold Lewisohn, Who Struck Out, but Evened the Score by Collecting.

This Is the New Team—Edna Manley, Youngest and Prettiest of the Inspirations Who Fell in Love With Author Lewisohn (Right), Only After She Had Fallen in Love With His Books.

H. MITCHELL PHOTO

Thelma, Inspiration No. 2, Who Was in There Pitching for 16 Years.

But even Pegasus couldn't stay up in the clouds forever and Thelma was brought down to the sordid earth by several unpleasant surprises. She realized that the eventual fate of even the loveliest "inspiration" is to be replaced by a fresh one. Therefore, she shows no resentment to Mr. Lewisohn's marriage to his latest, Miss Edna Manley, of Rochester, N. Y.

But when she found that there was to be no alimony or even the formality of divorce from her before the new ceremony, Thelma became annoyed to the point of exasperation. She says:

"I believe in a man having a fresh inspiration and I don't want to stand in the way of anyone's happiness. But I gave him sixteen years of my life, the best years of any woman's life, from 19 to 35, and I don't want to be tossed away like an old shoe."

Thelma decided that besides the credit she ought to have a little cash to live on. Taking their six-year-old son, James Elias Lewisohn from New York City to a hiding place in New Jersey, she threatened legal proceedings to make author Lewisohn give proper consideration for inspiration. The author also descended from poesy to the following plain prose:

"Thelma was my inspiration, but never a wife. I have been terribly nice to her. I will never becloud our earlier years which were beautiful, but the last seven years were abominable. There was no inspiration in her. I am heartbroken about the boy and I shall take necessary legal steps to get Jim back. He is devoted to me.

"I am proud of Miss Manley and we are going right ahead with our marriage plans. Thelma has no status as a legal wife, so I have been fair.

"We separated by mutual consent and she placed the child in my custody on the ground that she was an artiste who couldn't be bothered to be a mother. In September, 1939, we signed separate leases for separate apartments, she taking the penthouse and I the seven-room apartment where I now reside.

"Early last December I sent my housekeeper and the boy to Thelma's penthouse. From there they went for a stroll until they passed a house on West 86th Street, where friends lived and a telephone would be available.

"She sent the housekeeper into the house to telephone to me under a pretended excuse. As soon as the housekeeper entered the house, Thelma picked up the boy and sped away in a taxicab. That is how she got custody of my son, but I shall most certainly get him back."

"Seven abominable years"—so that beautiful word-portrait, printed only three years ago, must have been what lawyers call "retroactive," or poetic license or something that humdrum minds wouldn't understand. In the beautiful years before things became "abominable," Thelma claims that she was not only the inspiration but the flesh-and-blood original of the leading character in at least four of Mr. Lewisohn's novels, "The Girl In the Golden Vase," the "Case of Mr. Crump," "Don Juan" and "Mid-Channel."

A unique feature of these novels is that Thelma, whose inspiration was then burning at its brightest, was co-starred with the author's previous Inspiration, Mrs. Mary Arnold Childs Crocker Lewisohn, who was separated from the writer in 1924.

While Thelma still points with pride to her fiction *self* walking majestically through Author Lewisohn's volumes, Mrs. Mary Lewisohn points with fury at the unflattering fiction characterizations he has done of her and sued the publishers to make them take her out of the public eye. In fact just a month after that lovely poetic portrait of Thelma was published, Mary, in complaining that she had not been able to collect separation alimony from her husband, made this statement:

"All these years I have been supporting myself chiefly on libel money. That's a rather strange expression, isn't it? But it's true. I filed a suit for $200,000 against the publishers of one of my husband's books called 'Mid-Channel.'

"By the terms of the settlement of that suit, I was awarded a private adjustment for life. I have been really getting that money monthly for several years and I hope to keep on getting it until my last days."

This was in spite of the fact that New York Supreme Court Justice Peter J. Schmuck had called "Mid-Channel" "for the most part the gibberish of a selfish sentimentalist . . . the feverish exhalation of a perverted and disappointed conceit against an individual in particular and society and the law generally."

One of the passages in "Mid-Channel" which Mary charged was aimed at her, is the following:

"To me the whole thing is utterly dark. My suffering has been blind. . . I know scientifically that a woman to whom, by a fluke of the cowardice and helplessness and inhibitions of extreme youth, a man happens to get married in the United States, has a legal and social hold on that man which can utterly wreck his life.

"My country and its Christian laws have no regard for love or virtue or the creative mind, but give their support to legalized malig ity and moral foulness, if only these mouth the moral saws of the market-place."

The main reason that Thelma failed to become the legal Mrs. Lewisohn is that the previous one, though legally separated, declined to divorce Ludwig. The novelist, who was in Paris with Thelma, created something brand new in the annals of divorce. As one of the foremost authorities on the Jewish Talmud, he decided that a Rabbi could divorce him, under the circumstances.

So he went to Poland and obtained a "Rabbinical Divorce." The New York Courts had never heard of such a thing and unfortunately refused to hear of it.

Returning to America, he also collected one of those Mexican "cash-and-carry" divorces. The New York Courts had heard of that one, but declined to recognize it.

This caused the author to have the brightest idea of all. Since a Mexican divorce is good in Mexico, a marriage to Thelma should be good there. But not wishing to make that long trip merely to get married, the ingenious writer got a lawyer and girl secretary in Mexico to impersonate him and Thelma in a proxy marriage, while he and his bride were holding hands in Vermont.

But in New York, Mrs. Mary Lewisohn denounced this curious ceremony as phony and got after her husband hard for an alleged $30,000 alimony arrears.

In 1936, all was set for her to accept a cash settlement and give the man his freedom, but just then she became furious again and backed out, at unkind innuendoes she read in his newest volume, "The Case of Mr. Crump."

Finally, in 1937, she did free him, naming Thelma as co-respondent and accepting $35,000 in settlement of all alimony claims, past and future. There was now no reason why he shouldn't marry Thelma, except that he now preferred Miss Manley, who is 31 years old to his 56.

Thelma had an idea that she was at least a common-law wife, but even before that somewhat careless type of union was debarred from New York State, a woman couldn't maintain the claim against a man who had not been divorced from a previous wife. Says Thelma:

"At first I was going to be a martyr and suffer in silence, but the more I thought the more I felt impelled to seek justice—above all I want to keep the boy. Miss Manley can have his father, but first I want him to clean up this mess, have him pay his bill. He owes me $9,000. I had always supposed I was his wife—it even says so in "Who's Who In America."

According to latest reports, Author Lewisohn is seeking to settle with his discarded inspiration out of court.

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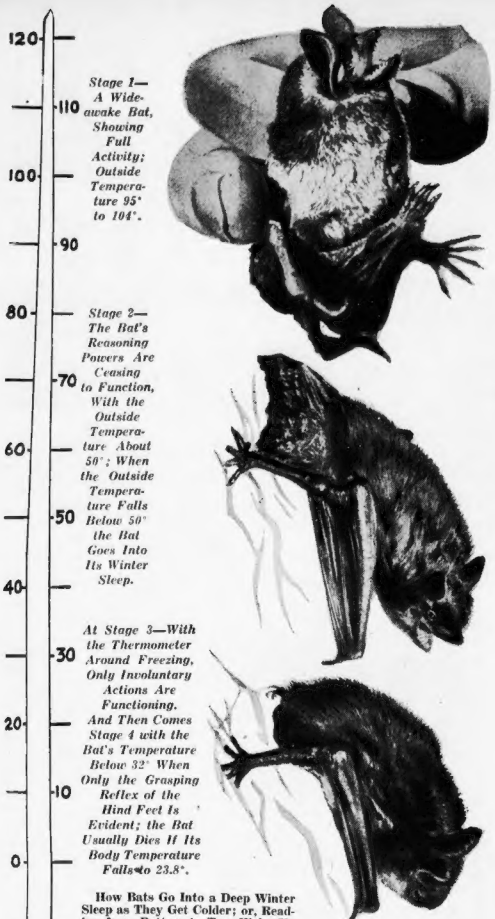
Science Studies Strange Possibilities of Human Hibernation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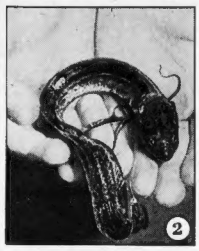
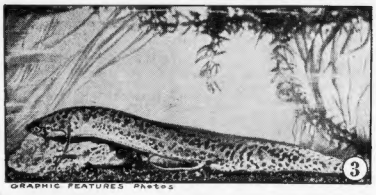
Stage 1—A Wide-awake Bat, Showing Full Activity; Outside Temperature 95° to 104°.
Stage 2—The Bat's Reasoning Powers Are Ceasing to Function, With the Outside Temperature About 50°; When the Outside Temperature Falls Below 50° the Bat Goes Into Its Winter Sleep.
At Stage 3—With the Thermometer Around Freezing, Only Involuntary Actions Are Functioning. And Then Comes Stage 4 with the Bat's Temperature Below 32° When Only the Grasping Reflex of the Hind Feet Is Evident; the Bat Usually Dies If Its Body Temperature Falls to 23.8°.

How Bats Go Into a Deep Winter Sleep as They Get Colder; or, Reading from Bottom to Top, Wake Up as They Get Warmer.

The Photographs Were Taken by Mr. Charles E. Mohr, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, One of the Outstanding Authorities on the Bat. In Order to Get These Pictures for The American Weekly, Mr. Mohr Warmed Up the Dormant Bat From Stage 4 to Stage 1.

A Tibetan Bear, Goaded Out of Its Hibernation by Spears, and Shot as It Emerged From Its Hole on the Open Steppe Near Seshu, Eastern Tibet. (Photo by Brooke Dolan II, Eminent Naturalist and Trustee of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.)





The Lungfish, Strange Creature That Can Live in Water or Out, Buries Itself in the Mud When Its Lake Home Dries Up. Soon the Mud Forms a Hard Cake and Inside This Cake the Fish Remains Until the Next Rainy Season.

(1) The Lungfish Being Helped Out of His Mud Prison and His Queer Cocoon-like Overcoat Slept Comfortably Inside for Several Months. (2) Without His Cellophane-like Jacket He Is Much Alive. (3) In a Tank of Water a Few Hours Later He Is Good as New.

By GEORGE H. ECKHARDT.

A WEIRD tale of how, over a century ago, the inhabitants of a small snow-bound village in Vermont were accustomed to prepare the elderly members of the community for burial in January, to conserve food, and revive them again in May, when they could be used for the Spring planting, may not, in the light of present-day knowledge, be a "tall story" after all.

While the ancient chronicler, an eyewitness, who set down the events in his diary, may have somewhat dramatized what he saw, still what he said he saw is all within the realm of possibility, according to Dr. Lawrence W. Smith, of the Temple University School of Medicine, Philadelphia.

Dr. Smith and Dr. Temple Fay, also of the Temple Medical School, startled the scientific world last year when they announced their work with "frozen sleep" in the treatment of cancer.

The Vermont story of "human hibernation" was called to Dr. Smith's attention and it seems that the strange story and the work of Drs. Smith and Fay have a truly astonishing link in common. Elbert S. Stevens, of Bridgewater Corners, Vermont, possesses an old scrapbook, and he found in it a clipping from a Vermont newspaper of about 1890.

In this yellowed clipping, the story was related by a certain "A. M.," who said that he had copied it from the diary of his "Uncle William." "A. M." also stated that he had visited the village mentioned, and had spoken with a very old man who remembered the custom of "human hibernation." The events took place in a remote Vermont mountain settlement near Montpelier. The story is as follows:

"I am an old man now and have seen some strange sights in the course of a roving life in foreign lands as well as in this country, but none so strange as one I found recorded in an old diary kept by my Uncle William that came into my possession a few years ago, at his decease.

"The events described took place in a mountain town some twenty miles from Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. I have been to the place on the mountain and seen the old log house where the events I found recorded in the diary took place and seen and talked with an old man who vouched for the truth of the story and that his father was one of the parties operated on.

"The account runs in this wise:

"January 7—I went on the mountain today and witnessed what to me was a horrible sight. It seems that the dwellers there who are unable either from age or other reason to contribute to the support of their families are disposed of in the Winter months in a manner that will shock the one who reads this diary unless that person lives in the vicinity.

"I will describe what I saw. Six persons, four men and two women, one man a cripple about 30 years old, the other five past the age of usefulness, lay on the earthy floor of the cabin drugged into insensibility, while members of the families were gathered about them in apparent indifference. In a short time the unconscious bodies were inspected by several old people, who said:

"'They are ready.'

"They were then stripped of all their clothing except a single garment. Then the bodies were carried outside and laid on logs exposed to the bitter cold mountain air, the operation having been delayed several days for suitable weather.

"It was night when the bodies were carried out and the full moon, occasionally obscured by flying clouds, shone on their upturned, ghastly faces and a horrible fascination kept me by the bodies as long as I could endure the severe cold.

"Soon the noses, ears and fingers began to turn white, then the limbs and faces assumed a tallowy look. I could stand the cold no longer and went inside, where I found the friends in cheerful conversation. In about an hour I went out and looked at the bodies. They were fast freezing.

"Again I went inside where the men were smoking their clay pipes, but silence had fallen on them. Perhaps they were thinking of the time when their time would come to be carried out, for in the same way, one by one they at last lay down on the floor and went to sleep. I could not shut out the sight of their freezing bodies outside, neither could I bear to be in the darkness, but I piled on the wood in the cavernous fireplace and, seated on a shingle block, passed the dreary night, terror-stricken by the horrible sights I had witnessed.

"January 8—Day came at length, but did not dispiate the terror that filled me. The frozen bodies became visibly white on the snow that lay in huge drifts about them. The women gathered about the fire and soon commenced preparing breakfast. The men awoke, and conversation commenced, affairs assumed a more cheerful aspect.

"After breakfast the men lighted their pipes and some of them took a yoke of oxen and went off toward the forest, while others proceeded to nail together boards making a box about ten feet long and half as high and wide. When this was completed they placed about two feet of straw in the bottom. Then they laid three frozen bodies in the straw. Then the faces and upper parts of the bodies were covered with a cloth; then more straw was put in the box and the other three bodies placed on top, and covered the same as the first ones, with cloth and straw.

"Boards were then firmly nailed on top to protect the bodies from being injured by carnivorous animals that made their homes in these mountains. By this time the men who went off with the ox team returned with a huge load of spruce and hemlock boughs, which they unloaded at the foot of a steep ledge, came to the house and loaded the box containing the bodies on the sled and drew it to the foot of the ledge near the load of boughs.

"These were soon piled on and around the box and it was left to be covered with snow, which, I was told, would lay in drifts 20 feet deep over this rude tomb. 'We shall want our men to plant our corn next Spring,' said a youngish-looking woman, the wife of one of the frozen men, 'and if you want to see them resuscitated, you come here about the tenth of next May.'

"With this agreement I left the mountaineers, living and frozen, to their fate and returned to my home in Boston, where it was weeks before I was fairly myself, as my thoughts would return to that mountain with its awful sepulchre."

Turning the leaves of the diary, the old man recounts, he came to the following entry:

"May 10—I arrived here at 10 A. M., after riding about four hours over muddy, unsettled roads. The weather here is warm and pleasant, most of the snow is gone except here and there are drifts in the fence corners and hollows. But Nature is not yet dressed in green.

"I found the same parties here I left last January ready to disinter the bodies of their friends. I had no expectations of finding any life there, but a feeling that I could not resist impelled me to come and see.

"We repaired at once to the well remembered spot at the ledge. The snow had melted from the top of the brush, but still lay deep around the bottom of the pile. The men commenced work at once, some shovelling and others tearing away the brush. Soon the box was visible. The cover was taken off, the layers of straw removed, and the bodies, frozen, and apparently lifeless, lifted out and laid on the snow.

"Large troughs made out of hemlock logs were placed nearby filled with tepid water, into which the bodies were placed separately with the head slightly raised. Boiling water was then poured into the trough from kettles hung on poles nearby until the water was as hot as I could hold my hand in. Hemlock boughs had been put in the boiling water in such quantities that they had given the water the color of wine.

"After lying in the bath about an hour, color began to return to the bodies, when all hands began rubbing and chafing them. This continued about an hour, when a slight twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs, followed by audible gasps, showed that life was not quenched and that vitality was returning.

"Spirits were then given in small quantities and allowed to trickle down their throats. Soon they could swallow and more was given them when their eyes opened and they began to talk, and finally sat up in their bathtubs.

"They were taken out and assisted to the house, where they ate a hearty meal, and seemed as well as ever and in no wise injured, but rather refreshed by their long sleep of four months. Truly, truth is stranger than fiction!"

In discussing this account, and the possibilities of it actually being true, Dr. Smith pointed to the responses of biologic life to "heat" and "cold;" especially the well known dependence of fruit and farm crops on the changes of the seasons. Dr. Smith further said that, while the findings of himself and Dr. Fay in their "frozen sleep" research in the field of cancer seemed astounding, it became commonplace when the response of life to heat and cold was considered.

To begin with, Dr. Smith observed, it must be remembered that cold is really a degree of heat. If one conceives an "absolute zero," where there is no heat whatever, then any temperature above this "absolute zero", no matter how cold it may seem, is really some degree of heat, no matter how small.

"Heat" and "cold," in other words, are comparative terms, and the physicists, who look upon "heat" as molecular motion, probably have the clearest explanation for all this. They have calculated that at 459.4 degrees below zero (F.) there is no molecular motion, and hence no heat. This is "absolute zero." While physicists in their laboratories have very closely approached "absolute zero" in their experiments, it has never been attained.

The temperature of liquid air is about 312 degrees below zero (F.) and this is one of the lowest practical temperatures known to man, a terrific amount of "cold," yet it is still 147 degrees above "absolute zero" and still contains "heat."

Cold, in itself, does not kill life. Bacteria have been frozen with liquid air which has one of the lowest temperatures obtainable. Yet these frozen bacteria survived. Cold merely inhibits, or slows down cell growth.

Heat, on the other hand, stimulates cell growth. This stimulation goes on to a point where it resembles a maximum. Then comes a point where heat kills. That heat can act first as a stimulator and then as a killer, may seem strange to the layman, but can better be understood, Dr. Smith points out, when a well known stimulant like strychnine is considered.

In small and proper doses strychnine stimulates and is used as a stimulant in medicine, but in larger doses it kills. Just so, a proper amount of heat acts as a stimulant to cell growth, but a greater amount kills.

While bacteria are not killed by the exceedingly low temperature of liquid air, a higher temperature, only equal to that of boiling water, will kill all such organisms. Sometimes a long exposure to this germ-killing temperature is required before death results. Sometimes even a lesser temperature than that of boiling water kills certain bacteria.

Dr. Smith calls attention to the fact that while bacteria and simple cells have just been given as examples of how cold does not kill, but inhibits growth, and how heat stimulates, and if applied in greater quantities kills like any other stimulant, it must be remembered that the more complicated animals, including man, are, in the last analysis, made up of simple cells, and the whole will, in general, respond as does its parts.

The question naturally will be asked: "If

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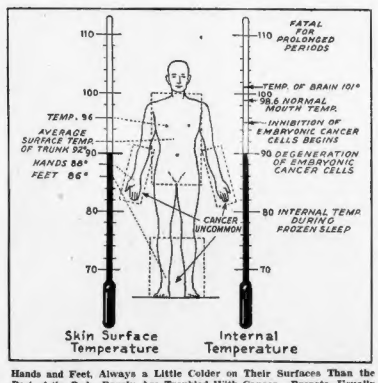

Hands and Feet, Always a Little Colder on Their Surfaces Than the Rest of the Body, Rarely Are Troubled With Cancer. Breasts, Usually Much Warmer, Are Common Centers for This Disease. This Clue Gave Drs. Fay and Smith the Idea of "Frozen Sleep" as a Treatment for Cancer and This Diagram Has Been Approved by Them.

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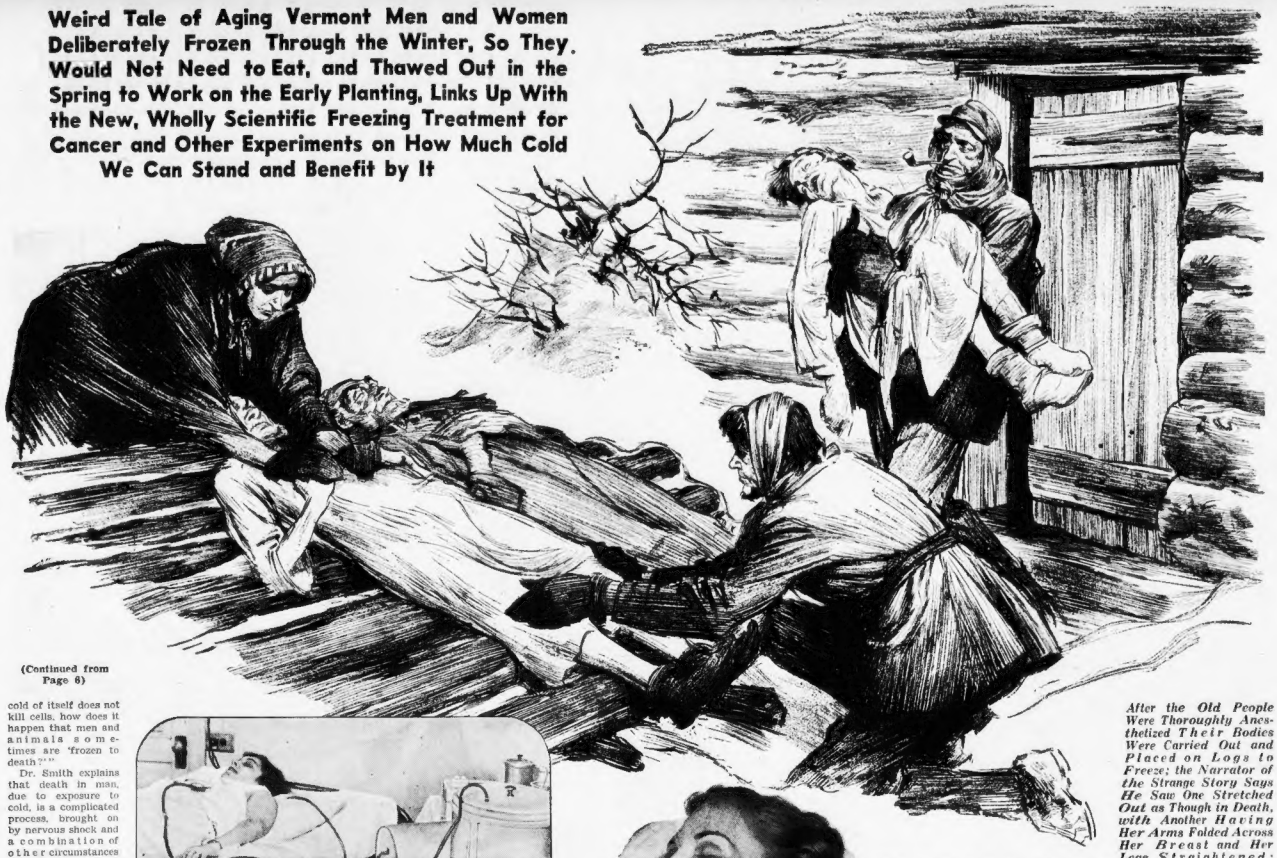
Weird Tale of Aging Vermont Men and Women Deliberately Frozen Through the Winter, So They Would Not Need to Eat, and Thawed Out in the Spring to Work on the Early Planting, Links Up With the New, Wholly Scientific Freezing Treatment for Cancer and Other Experiments on How Much Cold We Can Stand and Benefit by It



After the Old People Were Thoroughly Anesthetized Their Bodies Were Carried Out and Placed on Logs to Freeze; the Narrator of the Strange Story Says He Saw One Stretched Out as Though in Death, with Another Having Her Arms Folded Across Her Breast and Her Legs Straightened; While a Third Body, Limp, Was Carried Out of the Warm Cavern to Take Its Place with the Other Two.

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cold of itself does not kill cells, how does it happen that men and animals sometimes are "frozen to death?'"

Dr. Smith explains that death in man, due to exposure to cold, is a complicated process, brought on by nervous shock and a combination of other circumstances working upon the so-called involuntary nervous system. Blood is supplied to the brain in smaller and smaller quantities until the whole supply is cut off. This means that the all-important supply of oxygen which the blood carries to the brain also is cut off. Without this oxygen the human brain can survive for a period of only about ten minutes.

In the "frozen sleep," however, and in the human hibernation described in the old diary, this nervous shock was prevented by giving an anesthetic during the "cooling down" process. The so-called involuntary nervous system, having control of the heart and organs of respiration, was not seriously affected by any shock, and respiration went on.

Newer Method of Suspending Animation, Where No Ice Pack Is Needed to Send the Patient Into a Painless Slumber. Tubes Running From Ice-Water Coils to the Patient Reduce the Bodily Temperature Sufficiently.

In Early "Frozen-Sleep" Experiments, Ice Was Packed Around the Sufferer and Induced Sleep by Lowering Her Temperature from Normal of 98.6 to Approximately 80 Degrees.

Blood was still carried to the brain, and hence the life-giving and life-saving oxygen. Probably the blood and oxygen supply to the brain was cut down, but it never was cut off.

Hibernation, it must be remembered, is not a suspension of life, but merely a slowing down of life.

Dr. Smith points out that in the old Vermont account ample provisions were made for oxygen by packing the bodies in straw. This fact makes the account even more plausible, Dr. Smith says. While not as much oxygen is necessary during hibernation as when an animal or human being is in full vigor, yet some is always necessary. Loosely packed in straw, even under a snow blanket, some oxygen would be received.

Dr. Smith calls attention to cases of alcoholics found in snow banks, and exposed to severe cold. These tramps are fairly common to most city hospitals in Winter months. He has seen cases where crystals of ice have actually formed in the fatty tissues of the body, yet the patient has survived. In severe cases this ice has formed to the extent where a crunching of it could be felt when the skin was pinched. The alcohol imbibed by the tramp probably acted as an anesthetic to prevent or lessen the shock of exposure to cold, so he survived after treatment. But in severe cases, where freezing reaches the point of rigidity, the frozen blood cannot circulate and reach the brain. Death is the result.

Speaking of the work of Dr. Fay and himself, Dr. Smith stated that they are dealing with a tangible and measurable physical form of energy—heat, and, of course, cold—which can be controlled and regulated to any desired degree.

Visible light, the light which the eye of man can perceive, is another measurable form of energy. So-called white light is made up of a combination of wave-lengths, and individual wave-lengths of light give rise to different color sensations in the eye. Short wave-lengths produce blue colors, and long ones produce reds. All the wave-lengths of visible light may be arranged according to their wave-lengths and a spectrum results, going from red to the violet. Nature presents a spectrum of the visible rays of light in the rainbow, when white light is broken up into its component wave-lengths.

But the spectrum does not end with visible light. It extends from the longest waves of radio to the shortest waves—the cosmic rays. In this complete spectrum are X-rays, ultra-violet rays and the rays of radium. Visible light forms only a part of the full spectrum.

The wave-lengths of energy with which Drs. Smith and Fay are working also appear in this spectrum. They are the same wave-lengths that have to do with the growth of crops and with all life.

They are wave-lengths just longer than the visible red rays of light and are known as the infra-red rays. When the infra-red rays are absorbed by matter they produce heat in it and increase its temperature. This heat-producing infra-red section of the spectrum, Dr. Smith points out, apparently is the "zone of life," concerned chiefly with the stimulation of and activation of embryonic cell growth.

Far down in the spectrum, toward the cosmic ray end, lies an inhibitory and destructive zone, extending from the ultra-violet to the gamma rays of radium. This is the "zone of death" to embryonic cell growth. In this zone of death are found the X-rays and gamma rays of radium.

It would appear, Dr. Smith states, that the most advantageous conditions for the activity of cells, and their growth to maturity, would be attained from a proper interplay between the stimulative parts of the spectrum and the inhibitory parts. In short, it would be of advantage to use the proper amount of the "zone of life" and the proper amount of the "zone of death."

There is an analogy of this in agriculture, Dr. Smith points out, where Nature uses a proper interplay of the zones. If a bulb is planted in a dark, moist, warm cellar with sunlight excluded, that bulb has, in heat, a great amount of the "zone of life." Long, pale shoots are developed.

But if, with the same amount of moisture and heat, the bulb is exposed to sunlight, healthy green leaves develop. Sunlight contains ultra-violet rays, and these ultra-violet rays inhibit the growth just enough to prevent the heat energy from overstimulating the growth into long, pale shoots.

Drs. Fay and Smith in their research are not concerned with the stimulation of the growth of cells, but rather with the destruction, if possible, of cancer cells. Theoretically, therefore, it should be simply a matter of mathematics to take away from the "zone of life," and this could be done by taking away heat by refrigeration, and intensifying the "zone of death" by the use of X-rays and radium rays.

The critical temperature, or temperature at which growth is inhibited, varies for different kinds of cells. It has been found that below about 95 degrees Fahrenheit cancer cell growth is arrested and that degenerative changes take place in these cancer cells after they have been subjected to a temperature of 90 degrees for seventy-two hours.

Fortunately, normal tissues have been found to withstand a temperature of 40 degrees for a prolonged length of time without evidence of degenerative effect. Thus it is comparatively safe to place the patient in "frozen sleep," with an internal temperature of between 81 and 90 degrees F., for periods as high as five days.

During local refrigeration, and during induced states of hibernation, or so-called "frozen sleep," the patients were free from pain, Drs. Fay and Smith found, pain that otherwise had been agonizing. This relief was found to persist for weeks, and, in some cases, months, after treatment by "hibernation."

The manner in which Drs. Fay and Smith became interested in "frozen sleep" as a cancer foe is an epic in modern medical research, and is told here for the first time outside of medical journals.

Dr. Fay was making a study of body surface temperatures, that is, the temperatures on the surface of the skin, at various parts of the body of men and women. The subjects were placed in rooms of 75-degree temperature, and by means of an elaborate apparatus the temperatures at various areas of the body were measured.

The normal internal body temperature, as taken by a clinical thermometer placed in the mouth, is 98.6 degrees. When this temperature, through fever, or other causes, rises to 110 degrees for any length of time, death results. The internal temperature of the brain is, normally, about 101 degrees. This has been ascertained in the course of operations when brains have been exposed.

When Dr. Fay began to tabulate his skin surface temperatures, from his research, he found that the surface temperature (average) of the skin of the trunk was about 92 degrees. The skin surface temperature of the extremities, the hands and feet were much lower, as much as twelve to twenty degrees below normal internal temperature of 98.6. 88 degrees for the skin surface temperature of the hands and 86 for the feet was an average.

In the vicinity of the breasts was an exceedingly hot place on the skin of the trunk.

While the average skin surface temperature of the entire (surface) trunk was 92 degrees, the skin surface temperature of a little area around the breast was 96 degrees.

It was to be expected that the skin surface temperature of a body in a room with temperature of 75 degrees would be somewhat below the internal temperature of 98.6 degrees. It was also to be expected that the skin surface temperature of the trunk, with its copious supply of blood would be a little above the extremities. However, no one had ever noticed the wide difference between the skin surface temperature of the extremities and the trunk.

Dr. Fay, in pondering over these results, of a hot place around the breast, and comparatively cold portions of the extremities, also recalled that cancers on the hands and feet are uncommon, and when they do occur, are not vicious. On the other hand, cancer of the breast is common and vicious. He reasoned that there was a tie-up between temperature and cancer.

Dr. Smith began working with Dr. Fay. Effects of heat and cold on embryonic cancer cells were studied. It was found that cancer cells slowed down, or were inhibited in their growth, at 95 degrees and below; and actually began to degenerate or die at 90 degrees, or below. They reasoned that since the surface skin temperature of the hands was below 90 degrees, that was the reason why cancer on the hands and feet was uncommon.

Having proved this to their own satisfaction, they took several cases of cancer, notably in the uterus, and devised apparatus whereby these cancer areas could be cooled locally by cold water passing through tubes. The results seemed to prove their points, because these cancer cells did not grow, and were inhibited.

It was then that they went forward and cooled entire bodies in frozen sleep, bringing the internal temperature of the body, THE TEMPERATURE AS TAKEN BY A THERMOMETER PLACED IN THE MOUTH (actually it is placed in the rectum, since this is more accurate) down to 80 degrees. Thus the people were internally cooled from a normal of 98.6 down to 80. Eighty degrees was a temperature below that at which the cancer cells were found to degenerate.

It was also found that people subjected to frozen sleep, and particularly when the cold was applied locally, were free from pain during the treatment, and REMAINED FREE FROM PAIN FOR CONSIDERABLE PERIODS AFTER BEING REMOVED FROM THE FROZEN SLEEP. It was not necessary to give morphine.

Dr. Smith explained this freedom from pain, by saying that cold changed the conductivity of the nerves. This is extremely complicated, but he said that a simple analogy would be a copper wire conducting electricity. Normally the copper wire is an excellent conductor and can carry messages. Suppose that something were possible to change the conductivity of the wire, to make it a poor conductor. Then the messages would not be carried. The same sort of thing happens to nerves subjected to cold.

Dr. Smith points out that they were guided in their work by the fact that cancers are always most prevalent in the HOT

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Human Hibernation

Fishes Sometimes Are Found in Ponds Frozen Stiff in the Ice. But When the Ice Melts, the Fish May Thaw Out and Resume Its Activities.

One of the Buriats of Siberia, Who Are Said to Be Able to Pass Into a State of "Suspended Animation." Like the Tibetan Bear of Mr. Dolan's Photograph.

C. Emerson Brown, formerly director of the gardens of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, and an authority on the bear in the wild and in captivity, has observed that the bear in captivity does not hibernate.

Mr. Brown also calls the attention of medical researchers in the field of hibernation to the fact that the bear gives birth to its young during its Winter lethargy. The bear may well offer a field of medical research, it seems, in the study of obstetrics. In this instance Nature has been extremely kind to the bear, since the animal at birth is very small compared to the size of its mother. This makes the process of birth easy.

Cold seems destined to be one of the great factors in medical research of the future. Drs. Fay and Smith have shown its possibilities in the study of cancer, and have already proven that it is a powerful factor in alleviating pain, and that this alleviation persists for weeks and months after the return of the blood to normal temperatures.

They are carrying on their work, and one piece of progress is the design of a new "blanket," in which patients may be wrapped for the cooling, thus obviating ice packing.

Drs. Fay and Smith have already demonstrated that cold being a tangible and measurable physical form of energy, which can be controlled and regulated to any desired degree, it can be used in the fight of cancer just as X-rays and radium rays can be used, since it falls in the same physical spectrum.

Theoretically the physician today can look upon his chart of the spectrum and choose the proper degree of cold, to destimulate cell growth, and the proper amount of X-rays and radium rays to destroy these destimulated cells, almost as one would choose the radio bands which he wished to have brought in on his receiver. Drs. Fay and Smith are doing much to make this theoretical possibility practical. They are working cautiously.

While Drs. Smith and Fay are working with hibernation and "frozen sleep" in the war on cancer, other physicians are looking toward the use of hibernation in humans as a possibility in other fields.

It is even within the realm of possibility that hibernation or "frozen sleep" may, in the future, be used for reducing. It must be remembered that no excessive cooling down of the body temperatures is necessary, and it is largely a matter of ascertaining "critical temperatures" rather than seeking excessively low temperatures.

The bodily processes might, it seems, be slowed down by inducing "Winter sleep," and the patient would then, in this state, consume her or his own fat, while in a state of hibernation. Much research must yet be done, however, before this possibility will be an actuality.

(Continued from Page 7)

AND DARK parts of the body. Cancer of the breast is common. Not only did Dr. Fay find that the breast is normally a warm part of the body, but this normal heat is increased in women by the wearing of brassieres, and so on. It is also a DARK part, since it is covered by clothing.

The same is true of the stomach and interior parts of the body where cancer is common. These parts are hot and dark.

The hands, where cancer is uncommon, are cool and exposed to light. Dr. Smith reasons that the heat stimulates the cell growth, and in the dark there is no inhibition from the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

While Drs. Fay and Smith have been studying the problems of cold as an added agent in the fight on cancer, research men throughout the world have been studying the effects of cold upon lower animals, in an effort to add to the knowledge of hibernation toward the day when it may be a common method for relieving pain and curing ills.

One Russian research worker, Dr. N. L. Kalabuhov, reports astounding results on the degree to which he has been able to cool the blood of animals without causing them to die. The scientist worked with the temperature of the blood inside the animal's body, not with outside temperatures. He reports that even after there was a slight formation of ice in the blood stream the animal continued to live. Death took place only after freezing to the point of rigidity, when the frozen blood no longer could circulate and no oxygen could be carried to the animal's brain.

Working with white mice, Dr. Kalabuhov succeeded in lowering the body temperatures of some of these small animals as low as 19.4 degrees (F.), which is considerably below the freezing point of water. These mice, when brought back to normal body temperature, apparently were unharmed.

The cooling experiments of Dr. Kalabuhov went on with other animals. Young tortoises were internally cooled to 22.3 degrees above zero (F.); toads to about 30 degrees (F.), and young bats to 18.6 degrees (F.). All of these supercooled animals survived, even the bats.

How much supercooling an animal's body can stand without serious results, Dr. Kalabuhov concluded from these studies, depends on the age of the animal, relative surface of the body, physical properties of that surface and the rapidity of cooling.

Another study was made on bats. These creatures, not unlike bears, hibernate in the Wintertime. They also go in for long "naps" in cool caves in the Summer. This hibernating habit of bats—sometimes referred to as lethargy—together with its causes and various degrees, has been the object of experiment by Dr. M. Eisentraut of Germany. He reached a conclusion, highly important to science, that the lethargy of the bat, induced by temperature changes, has to do only with normal sleep, and not as some scientists suspected with the elaborate processes of the ductless glands.

The bat seeks a cool cave and passes the Summer day in sleep lethargy, the body temperature falling from the hot outdoor temperature to that of the cool cave surroundings. This causes the bodily processes of the bat to be slowed down.

Dr. Eisentraut found that when bats under his observation awakened at dusk it took them several minutes to return to normal. The rate of breathing and the muscular activity were normal only after the body temperature had reached 95 degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer.

But bats do not take their Summer "naps," he found, if the day is too warm and they cannot find a cool cave. Pregnant bats do not sleep in the day because their body temperatures do not fall low enough.

Dr. Eisentraut concluded that the daily Summer lethargy of the bat differs only in degree from the long Winter sleep. He was able to bring on the Winter sleep in Summer by a change of external temperature.

He also found that during the Winter sleep the body temperature of the bat might fall as low as 32 degrees F.—the freezing point of water—without injury, but that death resulted when the temperature fell just a few degrees more, to 23.9 degrees F.

This differs from the findings of Dr. Kalabuhov, who reported recovery in bats after they had been supercooled to 18.6 degrees above zero (F.), the point where internal ice began to form. The difference is explained by the fact that Dr. Kalabuhov used only young and vigorous bats in his experiments, while Dr. Eisentraut used bats of various ages.

Charles E. Mohr, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, made an exclusive photographic study of the hibernation of bats in caves in Pennsylvania for this magazine. Mr. Mohr is one of the outstanding authorities on the subject of bats, and is well known for his work in banding the animals to study their "homing instincts." He also is conducting research along the lines of the awakening of bats.

During his photographic study Mr. Mohr made the interesting observation, evidently overlooked by Dr. Eisentraut, that the bat always, or practically always, sleeps with its head downward, but when awake its head is upright. As the bat awakens it slightly raises its head. This position of the head, asleep and awake, may turn out to be scientifically important.

Mr. Mohr also observed that bats, in full lethargy, may be lifted gently from their perches without awakening, and that the grasping reflex, observed by Dr. Eisentraut, was evident when they were replaced.

Another animal that offers a very wide field of research in the matter of hibernation and cold is the bear. In cold regions the bear sleeps, or hibernates, in the Winter. In warmer regions the animal does not hibernate. The hibernation of the bear, caused by the effects of cold, is not a deep and profound lethargy, but rather a semi-lethargy, since during this Winter sleep the bear occasionally comes out of its den, walks about, drinks water, and goes back to sleep.

All this indicates that hibernation is simply a deeper and more profound manifestation of normal sleep.

During the Fall the bear becomes very fat. When really cold weather approaches, the animal ceases feeding, retires to its den in some sheltered place in rocks or hollow trees, curls up, and remains until Spring in a condition resembling normal sleep, but with the vital forces more fully suspended. The stomach contracts, the blood moves slowly. Every function of the body goes on in a languid way. The little food necessary to support this feeble life is furnished by the fat. The warmth of Spring arouses the bear from its lethargy, and it comes out of its den in full strength for its Summer work.

Brooke Dolan II, eminent naturalist and trustee of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, has made many observations of the bear in hibernation. During his expedition to Tibet he studied the Tibetan steppe bear. This bear in hibernation is very fat. The Tibet natives seek the animal in its den, goad it with spears until it is aroused, and then kill it when it emerges.

Mr. Dolan observed that the bear—when aroused from its Winter sleep by goading—is extremely vicious and ugly in disposition, much as a man is "grouchy" when awakened. He also observed that American bears, when taking a walk during the Winter hibernation season, on one of their few trips from their dens, are extraordinarily vicious if aroused.

Mr. Dolan also observed that the bear, during hibernation, does not become emaciated, as so many suppose. He may continue to be very fat when hibernation ceases in the Spring. However, this weight is dropped quickly during the first few weeks after hibernation. In this connection Nature seems to have made a shrewd provision for the bear. When he goes into hibernation, he does not know how long the Winter will last. When he emerges in the Spring, food is not too plentiful and easy to find. It may take a little while for him to thoroughly awaken, since the weather may be cool. For all these emergencies he has a reserve of fat.

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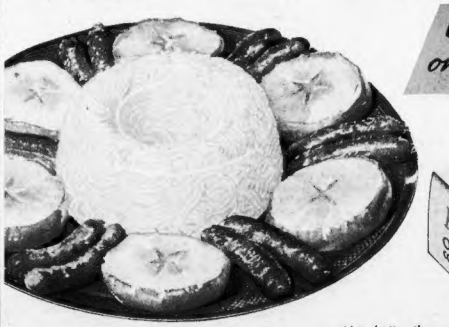

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Jonah Not In a Whale But "In a Jam"?

Dr. Lamsa, Eminent Scholar, Explains How Translators' Errors May Be Responsible for Many Puzzling Passages in the Old Testament and That, Among Other Things, Lot's Wife Was Not Changed to Salt but Made Barren, and Moses Did Not Smite a Rock but Turned Up a Hidden Well-Cover

Curious Medieval Drawing Showing Jonah Being Cast Out of the "Belly of the Fish" After Three Days and Nights — But Dr. Lamsa Explains That in the Aramaic Idiom, Being "in a Great Fish" Meant Being in a Quandary or, as We Would Say, "in a Stew."

WAS Lot's wife really turned into a pillar of salt? If so, how was the chemical part of the metamorphosis accomplished?

Could the Prophet Jonah actually live in the stomach of "a great fish"—assumed by some to be a whale; and if so, how did he survive the gastric juices?

How could Joshua have stopped the sun without wrecking the entire solar system?

These and other famous controversial subjects in the Old Testament are discussed from an entirely new angle on this page by Dr. George M. Lamsa, distinguished Biblical research scholar.

The American Weekly takes no sides upon the matter but presents Dr. Lamsa's interpretations and arguments solely because they are of interest to every reader of the Bible.

By DR. GEORGE M. LAMSA,
Distinguished Biblical and Aramaic Scholar.

THE prophet Moses most certainly did not smite a rock with his rod and cause water to gush therefrom. Elijah was not fed by ravens. Lot's wife was assuredly not turned to a pillar of salt, nor did Joshua cause the sun to stand still.

And Jonah was not swallowed by "a great fish"—the phrase actually meant that he was in a great quandary, or, as we say, "in a jam," or "in a stew."

These passages in the Old Testament have always been in dispute, but more than ever so today since the young people with their knowledge of geology, astronomy, physics and the other sciences are demanding a reasonable interpretation of many of the Biblical marvels which their fathers accepted without question.

It is not the Bible that is at fault, however. The Bible was rendered into English from Hebrew, Latin and Greek texts that had been copied and recopied down the ages from early translations of the Aramaic in which the original version of the Old Testament was set down. It is these first Greek and Latin translators, with their sketchy knowledge of the Aramaic language, customs and idiom, on whom the blame lies.

Born and brought up in Kurdistan, where a few thousand Christian Assyrians still speak Aramaic, my own struggle to master the often confusing idioms of the English language made me realize how the Bible had been mistranslated and misinterpreted by these early scholars.

Moses, we are told in the Book of Numbers, had led the children of Israel up out of Egypt, and, after a time, into the desert of Zin where they began to complain of the lack of water.

"And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock.

"And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also."

But any schoolboy of today knows that it is a geological impossibility—especially in a flat desert region where wells and springs, if any, are deep and brackish—to expect water to gush forth from a stone.

To "smite a rock" in Aramaic does not literally mean to belabor a mass of mineral matter, but rather to strike a stone which has been placed over the top of a well and become covered with sand. It is comparable to the English expression "to strike oil," which means "to find oil."

In Arabia and Palestine, wells are considered the properties of certain people or tribes, and when a tribe migrates it covers its wells with stones so that the water supply will be protected against sandstorms and the contamination of wild animals, and be conserved until the tribe's return. Sometimes familiar landmarks are obliterated and the exact location of the well is lost. In that case the chief shepherd probes the sand with his staff until he "strikes the rock." Whereupon the sand is scooped away and the well uncovered.

Moses had spent some forty years in the desert as a shepherd. He knew about the water supplies, but he had come to a region where the wells were hidden, and he was unable to discover them. However, after praying for guidance he once more probed in the sand and struck a rock.

Confirmation of this interpretation is to be found in the very next chapter (Numbers 21:16-18), a fact that even many modern Biblical scholars are quite amazed to have pointed out to them.

"And from thence they went to Beer (the Aramaic word for well): that is the well whereof the LORD spake unto Moses, Gather the people together, and I will give them water.

"The princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves."

Certain Aramaic words possess the disconcerting faculty of meaning two utterly unrelated things, a dot on one of the letters sometimes indicating the difference. When the intended meaning seemed perfectly obvious from the context, the scribe often omitted the dot entirely, thus leaving it up to a later translator to interpret as he saw fit.

And this is undoubtedly what happened in the mooh passage in the 17th chapter of I Kings, dealing with the prophet Elijah and the ravens.

"And the word of the LORD came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook: and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."

"Eravv," the word for raven, is also the word for Arab. Substituting Arab for raven gives the passage its true and intended meaning, and an entirely sensible and logical one; for the Arabs, as a people, were hospitable to fugitives, especially those hiding from religious persecution.

When the Lord commanded Lot to flee Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities of the plain lest he be destroyed with them, it was specified: "Look not behind thee."

Lot gathered his family together and headed for the mountains as he was bidden. "But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

To the people of today salt represents the very essence of life itself, for science has explained to us why without it man cannot live.

But in the ancient East exactly the opposite conception was held. A salty region was barren; nothing could grow there. Land where salt had been strewn was stricken. Hence anything stricken or barren was said to be "turned to salt."

And hence Lot's wife was not literally turned to a pillar of salt. She disobeyed God's command and was stricken, either with death or barrenness, the worst misfortune that could befall a woman, and was from then on as a salty field—unable to give birth to life.

"Now the LORD had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

"In a great fish" was, and still is, Aramaic slang for being in a perplexing dilemma; or, as we would say, "in a pretty pickle."

The Lord had ordered Jonah, a poor, illiterate peasant, to go and preach to the great and wicked city of Nineveh. Jonah was overwhelmed by the prospect and for three days was "in a great fish," "in a stew," "in a fine state" over it.

So Jonah prayed to the Lord who delivered him from his dilemma.

"And the word of the LORD came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. So Jonah arose, and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the LORD."

All high school students understand the principle of surface tension which enables a needle of steel to float upon the surface of the water. And to ask them to accept the story of an axe head which did even better—which swam up from the bottom of the River Jordan—is asking a little too much. Yet that is what we are told in II Kings 6, verses 5-7, Elisha caused to happen.

"As one was felling a beam, the axe head fell into the water; and he cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he shewed him the place. And he cut down a stick and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand, and took it."

The Aramaic word for "cast" means to "stick in." That is to say: Elisha stuck the stick into the hole in the axe head and so brought it to the surface. The real miracle here lies in the fact that the prophet was divinely guided to discover the axe head in the muddy water and restore it to its owner. God would surely not have needed to employ the stick at all had He intended the iron simply to swim to the surface where it could be recovered.

Probably the gravest misconception in the entire Old Testament, and the one most contrary to scientific fact, occurs in the tenth chapter of Joshua, wherein is described how that prophet caused the sun to stand still.

"Then spake Joshua to the LORD in the day when the LORD delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

For many many years the children of Israel had lived in the flat desert country of Egypt where they were accustomed to see the sun rise out of the horizon in the east in the morning and set behind it in the west in the evening. During their journeyings following their flight from Egypt, they came to the mountainous country of the Amorites who gave battle in one of their valleys.

It was here that Joshua made his momentous and un-astronomical announcement about staying the sun and moon in their courses.

The Israelites saw the sun set on the top of the mountain and reasoned that the day was over. But when the Amorites fled and the Hebrews pursued them to the top of the mountain the latter saw the sun still high and were convinced that it had waited for them to bring the battle to a successful termination.

Because of these errors I have undertaken a new English translation of the Bible, the first to be attempted by a scholar whose native language is the one in which it was originally set down. In it I shall correct these, and the 1,400 others I have found during my 35 years of study and research, in the hope of promoting, in the light of our modern knowledge, a more sincere acceptance of what to me is still the greatest and truest Book in the world.

In Genesis It Is Written That Lot's Wife "Looked Back * * * and She Became a Pillar of Salt;" Dr. Lamsa Explains That This Did Not Mean That She Literally Turned Into Salt but She Was Stricken with Barrenness.

Dr. Lamsa Says Elisha Did Not Make the Axe Head Swim, But Stuck a Stick Into the Hole in the Axe Head and Thus Recovered It.

Interesting Picture of Elijah Being Fed by the Ravens, But the Biblical Scholar Says the Same Word Meant "Arabs," and That the Prophet Was Really Fed by Sympathetic Nomads.

When Moses "Smote the Rock," What Probably Happened, According to Dr. Lamsa, Was That He Found the Rock-Covered Mouth of a Desert Well.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation In the World

Laughing Girl

By George F. Worts

As Lynne and Peter Stared at Sandra in the Doorway, She Said Lightly, "Hello, Lynne, You Look Ghastly." "So Do You," Answered Lynne, "and You'll Look Worse When I Tell You the Truth About This Husband of Yours."

"DO YOU mean I've got to go and live in Peter Storm's apartment?" asked glamorous Sandra Page of Brook Van Pell on reaching New York after a sudden marriage to Peter whom she detested as much as she loved Van Pell, famous corporation lawyer.

Her agitated question followed dramatic episodes with Peter whom she had met at Las Vegas, Nevada, where he was negotiating for the formula for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum and worth millions for war and industrial uses. Van Pell, who also sought the formula, had commissioned Scott Higgins, alias John Medkin, to get it, but distrusting him had sent Sandra out to watch him. She had learned on arriving there that an explosion had killed Hilary Logan, the scientist, who had the formula, shortly after a business visit from Peter. Assuming Peter had stolen the secret she ransacked his room and threatened him with a pistol. Convinced she was wrong, she proposed to work with him. Attracted and fascinated by her, even while realizing she'd double cross him at the first chance, he agreed.

Motoring her to the explosion scene outside the town they saw Simon Ketzler, Logan's assistant, flee in a car. Higgins greeted them, then he, too, vanished. Believing Ketzler had blown up Logan's laboratory and stolen the formula they started in pursuit. Peter, having caught Sandra in a lie, and distrusting her more and more, resolved to drop her as soon as he could. She protested in vain and retaliated by refusing to help him when he was held up for speeding. The judge who faced them, calling Peter a rich playboy, declared he'd prefer charges against him under the Mann Act. This amused Sandra until he decided to hold her, too. Then she raged at Peter that the news would crush her father, a minister. To spare themselves blighting publicity they persuaded the judge to marry them.

Continuing their pursuit they came on Ketzler lying murdered by his car, his clothes searched, and a watch missing from a chain Peter recognized as Logan's. Then from the shadows Higgins shot at and slightly wounded Peter and escaped with the watch that Peter and Sandra were sure contained the formula.

Reaching Kingman, Ariz., Peter got a telegram from Lynne Van Pell, Brook's sister, madly in love with him, asking that he explain his marriage. Deserting Sandra in their hotel, he started after Higgins but found the wily agent had flown East in a chartered plane. He learned that Sandra too had flown East leaving him this message: "When dirtier tricks are played the cheap exhibitionist will play them." He informed the New York papers of her coming and notified one of his agents to trail Sandra, another to trail Van Pell, and took a plane for New York.

Soon after his arrival his agents reported overhearing Van Pell tell Sandra he had tracked Higgins and was planning to get the formula from him before Higgins could sell it to Count Beretti, an Italian. Van Pell expatiated on his own patriotism and his anxiety to secure the process for this country and asked Sandra to help him by spying on her husband. It was then she asked in astonishment, following his avowal of love, if he meant she should live in Peter's apartment.

Unhappy and troubled that Van Pell should ask this, she faced Peter, and when he declared he loved her replied that she detested him.

"I've never had so many emotions stirred up by any one girl," he said, "admiration and respect and a desire to be terribly helpful."

"If you feel it so strongly," she replied scornfully, "why don't you do something about it?"

And Now Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS PETER started toward her, Sandra started away. She cried with alarm: "You know what I meant!" But he caught her shoulders and spun her into his arms. He held her arms tight. She struggled a moment, then stopped. She said nothing. At first, she did not try to avoid his lips. He kissed her. She did not try to escape it. Her lips were soft and warm and completely unresponsive.

Suddenly she twisted her head, but he followed her mouth with his, hungry for even this slight satisfaction, and kissed her hard and long. He kissed her until she began to struggle again, then he let her go.

Her face was crimson and her eyes were enormous. She wiped her mouth slowly with the back of her hand. She said: "I suppose I deserved that."

Peter said: "Sandy, I can't help loving you. I'm crazy about you."

"Maybe," she said scornfully, "you'll learn I meant what I said."

"Maybe," Peter said angrily, "you'll learn I don't put much stock in words."

She stared at him a moment longer. "I don't suppose it occurs to you that you're being contemptible. After all, with circumstances forcing me here, I'm practically at your mercy. I have to listen to what you say, and I can't strike back. I don't mind that. But I should think you'd loathe yourself for touching a girl who detests you, and for crossing a line that a decent man wouldn't dream of crossing. You know I'm in love with another man. You know it makes my skin shrink when you touch me. I should think you'd respect that."

Peter took a deep breath, lifted his shoulders and let them fall as he said quietly: "Okay, Sandy, we'll try to work something out, but I'm in love with you and I'm not making any promises."

The Negro came into the room and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Storm, Miss Van Pell is here."

"Here?" Peter exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Take her into my study. Where are your things?"

Sandra said breathlessly: "Coming over by cab."

"Put them in the guest room when they come," he told Henry. "Has that air mail letter come?"

"No, Mr. Storm."

Peter said to Sandra: "You'll want a maid. Shall I attend to it or will you?"

"I've already attended to it. She'll be here in the morning. Is there a place for her?"

"We'll make a place. Henry doesn't sleep here. The servant's room is full of things. We'll have it cleared out for her tomorrow. Perhaps we'd better take a larger apartment. Shall we dine here or go out?"

"I'd rather dine here. Henry, have you made any plans for dinner?"

"No, Mrs. Storm."

"We'll have something simple. Steak and potatoes and a green vegetable."

Peter said admiringly: "Sandy, how did you know?"

"Instinct," she said.

LYNNE VAN PELL was standing at the window of his study looking down at Park Avenue when Peter went in. At the sound of his footsteps she whirled about and stood perfectly motionless, staring at him. She was a slim, nervous, clever-looking girl, with a thin face and a wide, thin-lipped, vividly red mouth. Her face, except for feverish spots at her cheekbones, was pale. And her large amber eyes had a wild look.

She stood staring at him as he came down the room toward her. She was smoking a cigarette. She always held a cigarette close down in the notch formed by her forefinger and middle finger because, she had once explained to Peter, if you hold a cigarette that way while in bed, it can't fall and set the bed afire if you should fall asleep.

She said huskily, "Hello, darling," and looked him over carefully. "You look marvelous. Marriage seems to agree with you."

"Thanks," he said cautiously, and felt slightly apprehensive. She was the most willful, most erratic, most unpredictable girl he had ever known. Lynne, he reflected uneasily, was the kind of girl who might shoot a man.

She was keeping herself under remarkable control. It wasn't like her. Ordinarily, she was never still. She had nervous, slender hands, and she was always making quick movements with them. She was very vivid and alive. Her calm now was ominous.

In the same husky voice she said: "I'm glad you're looking so well. I haven't slept a wink in two nights. I can't eat. I've smoked a thousand cigarettes. And I'm tight." She seated herself, with that dangerous air of relaxation, on the arm of a chair. She smiled. "By the way, darling, why did you marry that girl?"

His green eyes shifted about her face and steadied. "Because I'm in love with her."

He had never seen her so geared up. But

(Continued on Page 14)

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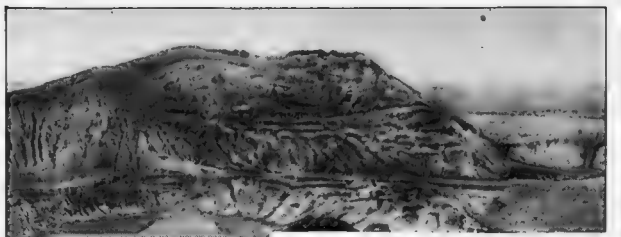
I Found the "Orchid of the Sacred Sleep"



Babuyan Volcano, the Sinister Voice of the Island Gods, Which, According to the Old Story, Periodically Demanded the Life of a Chieftain's Daughter.

Aleko E. Lilius, The American Weekly's Roving Correspondent, Photographed During His Search for the Fatal Orchid on the Island of Camiguin.

Lured by a Weird Philippine Legend, The American Weekly's Roving Correspondent Goes in Quest of, and Discovers "Saguy-Yepyep," the Fatal Flower That Has Controlled the Destiny of an Island Tribe for Centuries

By ALEKO E. LILIUS.

I HAD come to Camiguin, one of the small islands in the Bashi Channel north of the Philippines, hunting for orchids and I was very pleased and flattered to be invited to stay at the house of Tan Sia, the island's richest Chinese.

My first question was about the prevalence of the flowers, to which he replied:

Orchids? There are valleys where every tree is simply covered with them. Some of the natives believe those valleys are the abodes of the flower spirits, and consider certain varieties of orchids sacred. One I know is still venerated by the islanders. It is said to be a beautiful orchid with white blooms. No one is allowed to go near it. Only the priestess has ever seen it."

Naturally, what he had mentioned about a sacred orchid interested me immensely, and I was eager to hear more.

After considerable persuasion, the Chinese told me this strange story:

"According to tradition, hundreds of years ago, long before the time of the Spaniards," he said, "Camiguin, Babuyan and neighboring islands were populated by pagan tribes ruled by their princes and chiefs.

"The island of Babuyan was the abode of a spirit, whose heart was of fire and whose breath was smoke. For some transgression, unknown to mortals, the gods had doomed him to sleep for thousands of years. Occasionally, he turned in his slumber and then the earth shook. On such occasions only one thing would calm him: the sacrifice of a chief's daughter.

Once, when the spirit of the volcano had thus rebelled when lava had flown into the fields and the sea, killing hundreds of people and many animals, the people demanded that their chief sacrifice his daughter.

"She had been promised in marriage to a young and handsome chieftain who ruled over Dipari, an island located northwest of Camiguin. When he saw the flames burst from the crater, he ran down to the beach, pushed his dugout into the water, paddled to Babuyan and climbed the volcano to the rescue of his beloved. When he reached her she lay still and unconscious on the hot earth.

Hours later, covered by darkness, he struck out with the maiden in his canoe and brought her still unconscious to his hut.

"On the third night, Babuyan shook with a terrific explosion—then calmed down.

"When the air cleared they found the young man and the maiden asleep in each other's arms. They never were able to awaken them. It was an eternal sleep. On the spot where once had stood the hut grew a large tree, and on that tree blossomed a great flower, as quiet and beautiful as the spirits of the sleeping maiden and her lover.

"That is Saguy-Yepyep, the Orchid of the Sacred Sleep."

One night I asked one of my men what he knew about Saguy-Yepyep, the Orchid of the Sacred Sleep. He answered that he had never seen the flower and that it was better not to bother about it. The jungle was full of other beautiful plants he advised me. Where was this plant, I asked. He did not know whether it was on the island of Dipari or on Camiguin. Only the priestess knew.

"Who is this priestess?" I persisted. "Who is this guardian of the Orchid of the Sacred Sleep?"

"She is Sama, the eldest daughter of Capitan Ay, a descendant of the old rulers."

I knew Sama. Sama was an attractive young girl, about eighteen years old.

Some nights later, a very severe earthquake shook Camiguin Island. The eastern sky was lit up by bursts of flames, the sign of the Babuyan volcano's restlessness.

I saw Sama walking from the river with a water jar on her head. Hitherto I had never touched on the subject of the sacred orchid with her. Now, I thought, was an opportune time.

This Philippine Orchid, According to Native Legends, Miraculously Grew Out of the Skull of a Revered Chief and Is Worshiped as Containing His Spirit.

© B.U. Photo

"The earth shakes, Sama, and Babuyan is restless.

he turns over in his sleep." I began my speech.

She looked at me with her beautiful black eyes as if surprised that I should speak to her about the matter. She did not answer.

"If Babuyan breaks forth into violence will you perform the old ceremony of propitiation before Saguy-Yepyep, the white Orchid of the Sacred Sleep?" I asked.

She looked frightened.

"You know, American man, that we are Christians here. We should not believe in antos, spirits, and things like that," she said, starting to edge away.

"I know, I know—but what about the Orchid of the Sacred Sleep? Tell me," I persisted. "You are its priestess."

After a long moment she admitted a little sullenly:

"It is not time for Saguy-Yepyep to bloom. When it blossoms there is no ceremony. Then I go alone into the jungle to pray to its spirit."

"Could I see the Orchid of the Sacred Sleep?" I asked eagerly. "Would you lead me to it?"

"No! No!" she cried. "It would mean death! I could not do that." She hesitated, then: "But if you like I will speak to my people and perhaps they will give you a flower fiesta in the temple ruin."

I was forced to agree as gracefully as possible to the substitute she proposed. They performed the flower ceremony, and I am sure the mystic ritual enjoined me from pursuing my search. But it did not succeed.

"You are foolish," Tan Sia told me one day, "but I think I can help you."

How?

We should continue to make excursions into the jungle searching for more orchids, he advised. Then he would hint to Sama that I had located the plant, and was going to sneak away with it. Naturally, if this mysterious plant actually existed Sama would wish to verify its disappearance. All we had to do then was to secretly follow her into the forest.

So upon our return from a short trek, a few days later, Tan Sia followed our plan.

I watched outside her hut until she came out hurriedly and disappeared into the jungle. I followed her cautiously at a distance. At last she disappeared in an opening between the vines.

Crouching, head on hands and knees, I suddenly found myself looking out upon a small [illegible].

Through its center a creek burbled softly to itself and on its far side stood Sama, making an obeisance before a giant narra tree.

My eyes went up the towering trunk—and my heart passed a beat. For high up, hanging from a heavy branch I could see a bulk of green orchid leaves interspersed with glorious clusters of pure white blossoms.

The Saguy-Yepyep! The Orchid of the Sacred Sleep!

And suddenly I recognized it. That orchid was an Aerides Farmeri and priceless! I had made one of the world's rarest finds. I had stumbled on the second ever discovered. The first plant had been brought to London forty years [illegible].

I could scarcely contain myself. And then realized that I was doubly lucky—the Sacred Orchid had blossomed and I was to witness the ceremony of propitiation I so desired to see.

"The Sight of the Strange Flower, Which Seemed to Vibrate as If It Imprisoned a Spirit, Caused Me to Sway Backward and for a Few Moments I Must Have Lost Consciousness, for When I Regained Myself the Priestess Was Beside Me. She Had, Somehow, Dragged Me Out of the Range of Its Fascination."

For after bowing before the Sacred Flower, Sama returned to the creek and, divesting herself of her one shapeless garment, she bathed three times.

Then I witnessed what probably no white man, in fact, what no man of any color has ever seen.

Clad only in her luxuriant hair which reached almost to her knees Sama timidly approached the great narra that bore the Sacred Orchid. Abasing herself before it she touched her forehead to the ground. Rising she muttered an invocation which soon turned into a weirdly-beautiful chant.

Then she danced.

Hair streaming up and down that jungle glade she danced until her lithe young body glistened with perspiration. It was a wild yet lovely thing, and strangely compelling.

At last she stood once more before the tree, arms spread wide, face lifted, as from her lips poured words of exultation.

And as she spoke (and this I cannot explain) the Sacred Orchid glowed as with a celestial fire. Perhaps a ray of sunlight had penetrated through a chance opening in the jungle roof; perhaps the spirit "whose heart was fire" had for a moment taken up its abode there. I do not know.

Hardly able to contain myself, I waited a reasonable time and then broke from my hiding place with a rush. But I had covered scarcely half the distance to the little creek when I was halted abruptly by a piercing [illegible].

Turning, I saw Sama standing in the edge of the clearing, one arm upraised.

"American man," she cried furiously, "you have spied upon me! Tan Sia lied. You tricked me into leading you to Saguy-Yepyep. And now you would—" She broke off as though fearful of even pronouncing [illegible] sacrilege I was about to [illegible].

Eyes fixed on that [illegible] I started across the glade. I waded into the creek, but it seemed wider than I had thought, and the water exerted a delaying pressure on my feet.

As I reached the far side, finally, the green walls of the jungle seemed to recede before me and my limbs grew strangely heavy.

But before me was always the sight of that fabulous orchid, tantalizingly luring me on.

Then I had reached the foot of the narra and was clawing at its bark with my fingers while above me Saguy-Yepyep seemed to vibrate and glow as if it imprisoned a spirit.

That is all I remember.

The next thing I knew I was lying beside the creek and Sama was bathing my forehead with the cool water.

"I told you that you would never touch the Sacred Flower," she said. "The Sleep was upon you, and you would have died had not I, the Priestess of Saguy-Yepyep, felt compassion and dragged you to safety. Now let us go."

She helped me to my feet.

"But the orchid, the Aerides Farmeri, the priceless—" I muttered protestingly and held back.

Half turning, I looked over my shoulder—and an icy shiver passed through my body.

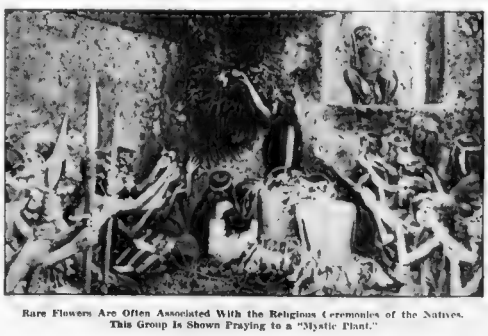
There hung the same bulk of leaves and blossoms. But all were seared and withered as though they had been subjected to the blast from a blow-torch. Unbelieving I looked again, but there was no doubting what I saw.

Without a word I turned my back upon it and allowed Sama to lead me stumblingly away into the dimness of the damp green tunnel.

* * *

I did not go back to that eerie clearing. A steamer arrived at Camiguin in a few days and took me off.

Soon I shall start on another expedition to those mysterious islands between Luzon and Formosa. But I do not think I shall pay Camiguin a visit. There is such a thing as tempting Fate too far.



Rare Flowers Are Often Associated With the Religious Ceremonies of the Natives. This Group Is Shown Praying to a "Mystic Plant."

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On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

Horrid treatment of the helpless women in the cabin.

A Curious Old Print of the Late 17th Century Illustrating the Cruelty of Many of the Pirates Who Took Delight in Cutting With Knives and Inflicting Other Tortures Upon Women Prisoners. Note the Curious Inscription by Which the Illustrated Books of That Era Described These Atrocities.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the fifth of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on this subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasure of the best known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

More was seen through the sternlight screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Chartings where a woman had been—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

From the Old Pirate Song of Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER V.

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THE night before Sir Walter Raleigh, treasure hunter of El Dorado, explorer of the Spanish Main, admiral of the British Navy and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, left his cell in the Tower of London for the headsman's block, he wrote on the flyleaf of an ancient Latin classic:

"These charts, I think the fairies have the making of, for they bewitch sober men."

I was writing a series of articles on treasure hunting for the editor of a well-known London publishing firm. He insisted that I permit him to print a copy of one of the Kidd charts discovered by my friend Hubert Palmer, the antiquarian.

Of course, Palmer would not agree. After all, he had spent hundreds of pounds in collecting evidence that pointed to an enormous store of treasure. We wanted to be the person to unearth it. However, the editor insisted, so I decided to make a chart for him.

I drew a map, typical of the design of the period, embodying in it details which I thought a buccaneer might have used to indicate treasure caches. I designed an imaginary island, its shape having no relation to any island I had ever seen. The compass points were deliberately reversed, but I drew the initials:

W. K., 1669.

These appear on the faded vellum charts in the possession of Mr. Palmer. At the bottom of my drawing I wrote, in late 17th Century style, a series of directions to imaginary caches in a range of mythical hills I had drawn on the chart.

The article and chart were duly published in my book: "Captain Kidd and His Skeleton Island."

In November, 1937, I received a call from a gentleman who assured me he had come all the way from America for an interview. We arranged a meeting in a London hotel and he introduced himself as Mr. G. D. Heddon of New Jersey.

"I've read your book, 'Captain Kidd and His Skeleton Island'," he told me. "You say this island is in the North Pacific. What would you think if I told you it is in the Atlantic?"

I was completely astonished.

"The compass points in your chart are reversed," he reproved.

I managed to conceal my astonishment.

"The chart in your book is exact in every detail with Oak Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, down to the smallest bays and creeks and the inland topography."

I deeply regretted that Mr. Heddon had gone to the expense and trouble of coming three thousand miles on a wild goose chase, and confessed that the whole thing was a figment of my imagination.

"But it can't be!" he insisted. "I know that island. *Dammit!* I have an estate on it!"

I assured him that I had never been to North America; that I had never seen chart, map or drawing of his island. I knew nothing whatever about Oak Island.

"Then how did you do it?" he demanded suspiciously. "I can understand there being one or two points of resemblance, but no one on earth would believe that your map was drawn by chance. Why did you write 'noe passage' in one part? Do you know that that is the only spot on the island that cannot be approached by boat? Your soundings are absolutely accurate! You mark a landing place. That is the best landing place."

I muttered feebly about coincidence.

"Coincidence, my eye!" he snorted. "You've drawn an anchor and bowline off the southeast point of the island. Recently a trawler fished up an ancient iron chain from just that point!"

By this time I was becoming excited.

"Did you know that there is a legend that Kidd buried treasure on Oak Island?" he asked triumphantly.

"Nonsense!" I burst out. "There is no documentary proof that he was ever in those waters."

"Is that so? Well, listen to this."

I called for drinks and waited while Mr. Heddon lit his pipe. He took a hurried sip of his whiskey and began.

In 1795, three youths, Jack Smith, Daniel McGinnis and Anthony Vaughan, while chasing a wounded deer came upon a clearing in the middle of dense woods. In the middle of the clearing was a fine old oak, the trunk of which had been scarred at one time by an axe. Resting beneath it one of the boys noticed that the mighty lower branch had been girdled as if a block and tackle had depended from it. Searching, they found the rotted remains of a heavy double sheave block in a hollow in the ground, which seemed to be the head of a shaft that had been filled in!

"The young fellows went away and obtained picks and spades. Returning to the clearing they dug below the old oak and uncovered a shaft in which they could see picks and shovels. Twenty feet lower they struck planking and at thirty feet their picks hit upon a timber bulkhead. Madly excited they tried to get help from the people of the neighborhood, but nobody would go near the clearing. Hopelessly the young men quit digging and left to try and raise money for a proper search.

"Seven or eight years later they met a *doctor* and organized a syndicate to return with *workers* and boring apparatus. They opened ninety-*five* feet of the shaft, finding a cover at every ten feet, and then came upon a stone on which is said to have been an inscription. One account says the inscription read: 'Ten feet below two million dollars lie buried.' But another version states that no serious attempt was made to decipher the markings until they were badly worn and practically illegible.

"Below the stone they found a wooden platform beneath which was water which rapidly welled into the shaft, preventing further excavation. They sank a cross shaft, hoping to drain the pit. But the inrush of water came from the tides in the cove and once more flooded the workings. At last they abandoned their quest, having exhausted their capital in fruitless toil.

"In 1849 another company tried. In 1896 a company sank twenty shafts in a ring about the 'Money Pit.' Hundreds of pounds of dynamite blasted away the soil and rock and the workings were shored up with heavy timbers. At 126 feet the drill hit iron and the encasing pipe could not pass it. A small auger was inserted and 33 feet lower it struck a layer of cement, eight inches thick and lined with oak. Beneath was some soft material and the drill brought up a scrap of parchment on which they found, written in ink, the syllable 'wi.'

"Wood and iron came up in the auger. There was a softer metal there but it would not stick. The searchers deemed that the layers of planking were chests of treasure, and that during the excavations no less than seven chests were met with, but the mystery was not solved.

"Lateral tunnels connected the pit with the cove 460 feet away. Penstocks or watergates must *have* protected the original makers of the pits. *But* they could not be found and the tunnels still *worked!*

"*A* coffer dam was sunk and drains found, but the *rising* tides flooded the working and they caved in. *Other* syndicates with modern devices, up-to-date *machinery* and many men have labored in the 'Money *Pit*,' but without success. The Bold Salvage and *Wreckage* Association in 1910 found cement at 170 *feet*.

"The year before a salvage company said they found an antique silver plate and a gold chain."

"An extraordinary coincidence," I admitted. "But I still don't think it had anything to do with Kidd."

"Don't you?" he grinned triumphantly. "Of

The Fantastic, But Ruthless *Pirate*, Captain Avery, Bully, Coward and Double Crosser, Who Amassed a *Huge* Treasure in 1715, by Capturing a *Ship* Carrying the Daughter of the Great Mogul, Head of All the Moslem Princes of the Western Indian Coast.

There on the Dec Surrounded by Drunke Pirates and the Dead Captain Avery "Marrie Mogul's Daughter, Rea riage Service Himself Book He Found Amu and Which He Underst as Did His Cutthroat With the Shouts and Crew Ringing in Her E Laughter of Devils, Tenderly-Nurture Dragged to Avery's Ca

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

...the Great ...g the Mar... ...om an Old ... the Loot, ...8 as Little ...w. Then ...ers of the ...s Like the ... Delicate, ... Girl Was ...n. But She Found Courage to Seize a Pistol From His Belt and Kill Herself. Avery Callously Shoved Her Body Through a Port to the Sharks.

An Old Print of Captain Avery Watching a Battle Between His Ship and Another. If One Wonders Why the Captain Was Ashore, It Can Be Answered That Here Was a Curious Touch of Realism by the Unknown Artist—Avery Was "Yellow" and Went Ashore Whenever He Could to Avoid Being in the Fight Personally.

...rse, I understand that you treasure hunters ...n't want everybody to know where your clues ...d; that's why you said it was in the Pacific, and ...hy you changed the compass points."

"What on earth do you mean?"

He leaned forward impressively.

"In your chart you wrote a legend:

"'18W. and by S. E. on rock, 30 S. W., 14N., ...ge 7 by 8 by 4.'"

"That's right."

"Well, taking those measurements to be rods, I ...und an east-west line 25 rods long (137½ yards) ...either end of which was a large granite boulder ...glacial origin. In both rocks had been drilled ...les about two inches wide. I took the rocks as ...arkers. Going seven rods inland from the east-...n rock I found a caved-in hollow.

"Next, I took a bearing S. W. and ran a line for ...rty rods. This revealed, buried in undergrowth, ...triangle made of carefully laid stones. The tri-...gle is bisected by a line of stones from the ...iddle of the base to the apex. Along this bisec-...n, north-south, I ran a line for fourteen rods, ...aking allowance for the magnetic deviation. ...HE LAST MEASUREMENT BROUGHT ME ...O THE FOOT OF THE ANCIENT OAK ...REE."

I remembered Palmer's story of being haunted ...y the ghost of Captain Kidd, and truly began to ...onder if that salty old privateer had not been ...idging me.

"I haven't interpreted the final line of your ...gend," Mr. Heddon said. "I think it indicates ...e excavation."

I nodded, speechless. By this time I was thor-...ughly bewildered.

Mr. Heddon left, and in a few days returned ...o America. I have not yet heard what success ...e has had with the "Money Pit." I still think it ...highly improbable that Kidd had anything to ...o with Oak Island. It is true he attacked and ...ptured a French ship off the coast of Newfound-...nd, but there is no evidence that he landed in Nova Scotia. Still, there was the map, there was the treasure, or at least a pit where, presumably, treasure was concealed.

I am inclined to think that the treasure cache so weirdly brought to light by my surrealist map, were the spoils of that villainous scoundrel, Captain Henry Avery.

It is known that Avery cruised the waters off Nova Scotia. It is also a matter of history that he performed his bloodthirsty deeds some time after Kidd's death. But even then, tales of Kidd's frightful prowess must still have been circulating among the wharves and shebeens of the seaports. What, therefore, would be more logical than for Avery, who in spite of his fearsome reputation, was a cowardly rascal, to use the dread name of Kidd to mark his treasure. That name would scare off any sneaking hijacker, even in those days of blood and brine.

Henry Avery was born in Devonshire, England. Like most people of that maritime province, he went to sea early and before many voyages was sailing regularly as Master's Mate.

Just before the Peace of Ryswick, which called for alliance between Spain, England, Holland and other powers against France, the French in Martinique carried on an extensive smuggling trade with the Spaniards of Peru. To prevent their intrusion into Spanish dominions a few vessels were commanded to cruise on that coast. But the French ships were too strong for them.

The Spaniards therefore hired foreigners to act against the smugglers. Accordingly certain merchants of Bristol fitted out two ships of thirty guns each, well-manned, and provided with necessary ammunition and supplies.

A Captain Gibson commanded one ship and Avery was his mate. This was in 1715, fourteen years after Kidd's execution. Avery is described as: "A fellow of more cunning than courage," and he lost no time in insinuating himself among the hardier members of both crews. He told tales of enormous riches to be found in the Spanish Main, ready for the taking by hearty fellows who were not afeard of a little blood letting. In a few days he had picked out a lively gang of cutthroats only too anxious to try his scheme.

Now Captain Gibson was one who dearly loved his bottle, and he left much of the sailing arrangements to his swarthy-faced, thin-shouldered mate. One night he staggered to his cabin leaving Avery on watch. Those of the crew not in the conspiracy turned in. At a time agreed upon a longboat from the other ship drifted like a ghost over the dark and silent water. Avery hailed her.

"Is your drunken boatswain aboard?" they answered, this being the password agreed upon.

Avery signalled them alongside and sixteen brawny mutineers swarmed over the low bulwarks and stood grinning, cutlasses in their hairy fists, ready for anything.

"Make fast all hatches!" he ordered softly.

Padding stealthily about the deck, they battened all entrances to the forecastle, then silently weighed anchor. Avery looked about him at the riding lights of other vessels in the bay, especially at the bright battle lanthorns of a Dutchman of forty guns that rode at anchor a few cables astern of them.

"Loose tops'ls!" was his next command.

The mutineers shinned like ghostly monkeys up the ratlines. Silently the great sails dropped, filled, and the ship slowly drifted from her anchorage. In a few hours she was at sea, a quartermaster at the wheel, Avery and his mates lounging about the deck, chuckling at the ease with which they had stolen the ship.

Dawn came as they were heeling gently to a breeze down the Bristol Channel. Suddenly there came the tinkle of a bell from the captain's cabin below the poop. Avery grinned and beckoned Ford, his master gunner, and they went below. The captain blinked reddened eyes at them, squinting at the telltale in the bulkhead above his aching head.

"How now, mister," he grunted. "What's up wi' the ship? Does she drive? What weather is it? Have we dragged anchor?"

"No," grinned Avery. "There's been no weather and no dragged anchors. We're at sea with a good wind."

"What!" The captain hoisted himself from the bunk and reached for an enormous brass-hilted cutlass swinging from a sling. Avery snatched a pistol from his belt and its bell muzzle shoved the captain back into his berth.

"Mutiny, by Heaven!" muttered the old man

(Continued on Page 16)

Captain Avery receiving the three chests of Treasure on board of his Ship.

Another Contemporary Print Showing How Captain Avery Hoodwinked the Other Pirates by Inducing Them to Entrust Him With Their Share of the Loot on His Stronger and Faster Ship. Instead of Keeping a Rendezvous With Them Later, However, He Sailed Off With All the Treasure.

SELECTED FICTION

LAUGHING GIRL

(Continued from Page 10)

she was alw[illegible] burn out [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ... to get you out of it.

PETER had been crushing out his cigarette. He jerked his head up. He said incredulously, "You're what?"

"I'm going to break it up," Lynne said crazily. "I'm going to make her divorce you."

Peter stared at her. "You must be nuts."

"I don't deny it. Half the Van Pells who ever lived ended their lives in insane asylums. But we're smart, too. I'm going to that girl and I'm—"

"You're going to do nothing of the kind," Peter said.

"And I'm going to tell her about our trip to Bimini from Palm Beach last Winter."

Peter shrugged. "Go ahead."

Lynne's mouth began to work. She flung herself at him. With her arms about his neck in what amounted to a strangle hold, she panted, "You've got to do something about me. You've got to get rid of that girl! You did love me—you know you did! I can't stand it! You can't jilt me like this! People are laughing at me."

She kissed him four or five times on the mouth.

Peter disengaged himself and crossed the room. He said shakily, "Lynne, all you're doing is making me feel like an awful heel. I'm not a heel. For heaven's sake, cut it out."

She stood looking at him with her fists on her hips, her eyes partly closed, her lips clamped together.

"All right," she said. "So you mean it. All right, Peter. I'm going to go to her and I'm going to tell her just what happened in Bimini."

Peter said, "Well, what did happen? I thought we went there on a fishing trip. I thought we caught a lot of kingfish and groupers and barracudas. So what happened?"

"So we got tight one night and you seduced me."

Her face was entirely white. Her eyes were huge and amber and shining. She backed against a chair and did not take her eyes from his.

Peter said, in a voice harsh from shock, "Why, Lynne, you know damned well that's a lie."

"I don't care if it is a lie. I'll make her believe it!" Lynne said tensely. "I'll produce photostatic copies of the hotel register to prove it."

"To prove what? Our rooms were at opposite ends of the hotel. To prove what?" he demanded.

"That we were there three nights! That we flew over there alone! That you took me there deliberately! That you had only one thing—"

"Lynne, for heaven's sake, you must be out of your mind. People fly to Bimini for fishing every day of the Winter."

"Yes, sometimes for fishing. But when a man with your reputation and a girl of my inexperience fly off alone to Bimini—

"Lynne!"

"—for three days and three nights, what do you suppose people say?"

"Nothing — naturally, because—"

"You don't know what people said. You don't know how the tongues clicked."

"I don't believe it."

"Your lovely bride will believe it!"

"Lynne, the only reason we could go was that Gertrude Sanders was at Bimini to chaperone you."

"Gertrude Sanders is dead."

Lynne dashed out her cigarette. Peter reflected, She's apparently direct and honest, but she slyly plans a course of action, then acts on it in a straight-from-the-shoulder way so that she gives an honest impression. It's a talent.

"And she'll believe it," Lynne said rapidly, sinking into a chair. "And she'll divorce you."

"Don't excite yourself," said Peter, seizing her wrist.

Sandra, in the doorway, said lightly, "Well, heaven knows I'm gullible, and I believe everything anyone tells me. But why will I divorce him? Hello, Lynne. You look ghastly."

LYNNE, panting, stared at her. "So do you. You look awful. And you'll look worse when I tell you the truth about this husband of yours."

"Don't you mean when and if you tell the truth?" Sandra said sweetly, ignoring Peter's startled gaze.

Lynne said huskily, "I mean what happened in Bimini last February."

Sandra, keeping her eyes on Lynne, gravely lighted a cigarette. "Well, what happened in Bimini last February?"

"He seduced me."

"Who seduced you?"

"Peter."

Sandra shrugged and lifted her hands, palms up, with fingers spread out. "Does that matter?" she said amiably.

"Does that matter!" Lynne cried. "You mean, it doesn't matter to you? You mean you won't divorce him?"

"Certainly not. I don't care what happened between you two. Peter and I are concerned with nothing but the future. Peter's past is a closed book, and we burned the book. Peter, wipe the lipstick off your mouth."

Lynne took a deep breath. She glared at Sandra, and she glared at Peter.

"All right," she said, with the air of a fighter rallying and closing in for the kill. "I'll tell Peter something that you won't laugh off. You're not in love with him!"

"Really?" Sandra drawled.

"Well," Lynne said, controlling her voice a little, but talking so rapidly that her words reminded Peter of a snare drum, "whom did you have cocktails with the instant you hit town? Whose arms did you rush into? My brother's! Does Peter know about that? Does he know that you're so crazy mad about Brook that you can't think straight?"

"You mentioned it," Peter said gravely, "in your telegram."

Lynne stared at him. "Don't you believe she's in love with Brook?"

"Of course I believe it. It's true."

Lynne's air was one of helplessness. "You—you know she's in love with Brook and—and it's all right?"

"It's perfectly all right," Peter said. "You see, Lynne, we're extremely modern."

"And now, Lynne," Sandra said graciously, "now that everything's cleared up so nicely, perhaps you'd better run along."

Lynne stared at them a moment longer with an air of bewilderment. Then she snatched up her purse and walked rapidly out of the room. Watching the empty doorway, Peter heard the front door slam.

He turned to Sandra. She was biting her lower lip. She looked slightly apprehensive, slightly belligerent. "How long have you known about Brook?"

"Only since yesterday morning."

SANDRA'S color was returning. She said, with sudden indignation, "I think you revel in being mysterious."

Peter's green eyes slid over her face. "You stated that in Las Vegas. I told you I sometimes find it practical. And I'm relieved it's Brook Van Pell. I wasn't at first. But the more I thought about it the more relieved I became. If Brook were as warm a human as he's good looking I'd have plenty to worry about. As it is, when you fall out of love with him, as you will one of these days, it will be complete and final. You'll have no regrets. He sent you here to spy on me, didn't he?"

Sandra didn't answer. Her eyes remained calm and derisive.

"He's one of the few men I ever knew," Peter went on, "so cold-blooded that he'd risk sending the girl he's in love with to live with a man so she could spy on him."

Sandra said softly, "Don't you think you've said about enough on that subject?"

He was sorry he had mentioned it at all. Having gone as far as he had, he had given her an advantage. But Lynne had upset him so that he hardly cared what he said.

Henry came down the hall and announced dinner. They went into the dining-room. When Peter had seated Sandra at the table she looked quickly up at him and smiled as if there had been no unpleasantness.

"Storm, I never saw you really embarrassed before. You're so

(Continued on Page 15)

"This Steak Is a Beautiful Job of Broiling," Said Peter. "I'm Really a Wonderful Cook," Sandra Admitted.

[illegible]

Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!

Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"— Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A DRESS straight out of Vogue, or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to win a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless...who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums...who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book and profit by it! For your smile is *you*, lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist!* It may mean nothing serious—but find out. Very often, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

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For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It's pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier!

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POWDER DEODORANT
Spiro dusts away armpit odor and checks sloppy perspiration. Safe after shaving. Safe for clothes. Comforting on sanitary napkins. Also a Spiro Cream Deodorant, if you prefer. Costs little. Try Spiro today.

QUICK FOR CHILDREN'S **COLD'S** ACHES AND MISERIES
RUB ON PENETRO. LET IT GET IN ITS GOOD WORK FAST—IT CONTAINS 2 TO 3 TIMES MORE MEDICATION THAN OTHER SALVES SOLD NATIONALLY FOR COLDS' MUSCULAR ACHES AND NASAL MISERIES... BE SURE YOU GET SUPER-MEDICATED...
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SAYMAN'S VEGETABLE WONDER SOAP
No ordinary soap this. Its cleansing, purifying ingredients come from the heart of precious soap root and pure vegetable oil. Its creamy lather soaks with massage, goes in deep and leaves a rich, pure, gentle lather. Try it. Rich in hard water. At druggists. Unconditionally guaranteed. Use it for your complexion, bath, shampoo. Try it today.
FREE SAMPLE

FALSE TEETH
That Loosen
Need Not Embarrass
Many wearers of plate teeth have found a dependable way to make their plates keep from slipping or wabbling at times. Why not try it? Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Then bite down gently and firmly to spread FASTEETH evenly over the plates. Continue using FASTEETH regularly as directed. Helps you eat and talk with more confidence. FASTEETH checks this embarrassment for many hours. Makes plates fit more comfortably—not so tight in some places, not so loose in others. Get FASTEETH at any drug store. Avoid substitutes.
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BLOTCHY SKIN
EXTERNALLY CAUSED!
Don't waste time wondering what to do. Use reliable, mildly medicated Cuticura Ointment helps heal and clear up unsightly, externally caused pimples and blackheads. Cuticura Soap lathers away coarsening impurities, helps keep your skin smooth and soft. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at any drug store. For FREE sample, write Cuticura, Dept. 34, Malden, Mass.
CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Are Your Cakes Fluffier?

DO YOU have some special way of baking a particular kind of cake that makes it tastier and downright delicious?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—The unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page. It may lead to the easiest $5 you ever earned.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS
WHAT CAUSES THEM · HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

• Science shows that corns are caused by pressure and friction which pack a mass of dead cells into a plug whose base presses on sensitive nerves. Home paring only gives temporary relief because it usually affects only the surface—means risk of infection.

But now this scientific method makes it easy to remove corns. Put a Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The medicated formula gently loosens the corn so it can be lifted right out. Simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns, you can prevent their return.

Don't suffer needlessly. Follow the example of millions and get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 24¢ for 6.

Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) acts on corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

(Continued from Page 14)

darned sure of yourself, and you hate to be thrown off your poise I thought nothing could fluster you. I thought that magnificent poise was unshakable."

Peter grinned wryly. "I'll let you in on a secret. The truth is I have very little social assurance."

She looked at him with glowing eyes. Really?" she drawled. "I'd say you're as socially assured as a merry-go-round with a steam calliope attachment. Maybe your tenacity fools people. Lynne is as tenacious as you are. You're really an awful lot alike, you know. You're both awful liars. Neither of you has any more conscience than a gila monster. You're both greedy. You're both ruthless. I think you'd make a lovely team."

Peter looked uncomfortable. Sandra's eyes were round and innocent.

"By the way, Storm, I didn't intend to eavesdrop, but I was just coming out of the kitchen and Lynne did raise her voice so. If it's any comfort, I heard a lot of that conversation. I especially heard her say, "I don't care if it is a lie, I'll make her believe it.' You do get into the most awful messes, don't you?"

The corners of Sandra's mouth were twitching. Her eyes were shimmering. She suddenly began to laugh. With her face rosily aglow, her dark-blue eyes half-moned and crinkling, she laughed and laughed. Peter watched her curiously, enjoying her lovely golden laugh, and finally began to grin. Her laughter relieved the tension. It always did.

"You haven't seen the last of her," she said presently.

"I'm afraid not."

"She'll be utterly wretched until she does something about it."

"I know," Peter said

HENRY brought in the steak for Peter to carve. Sandra said: "I broiled that myself. You haven't told me how you got out of Kingman. I heard they arrested you on a murder charge."

"They did. I was afraid they'd hold us both as witnesses. I finally made the sheriff gamble with me. We agreed that if I could produce an alibi he'd free me. The deputy who arrested me mentioned that a doctor had found Ketzler's body immediately after we left for Needles. The doctor fixed the time of the murder, and Judge Jeffers supplied the alibi. We were being married while Ketzler was being murdered."

Sandra looked at him with wonderment. "Storm, you're a horrible person, but you're magnificent. I'm beginning to realize that to you, life is nothing but a poker game—with half the cards in the deck wild."

He gazed at her thoughtfully. He was carving the steak. "This steak is a beautiful job of broiling."

"I'm really a wonderful cook," Sandra admitted. "As a matter of fact, I do everything well."

"It doesn't seem to me you fail in love very intelligently."

She sent him a resentful glance. "I thought we'd agreed to skip that. Did you tell the sheriff we went to Needles?"

"No. I said we'd pulled off the road near Topock and came back to Kingman to beat the sandstorm."

Henry, finished with his serving, left the room.

Sandra gazed dreamily at the side of Peter's head, then at his amused green eyes, then at the shine of light on his smooth brown face. Her eyes became sapphire gleams. Peter could still smell the perfume in her hair. It went with her hair and her eyes and her mouth.

With her curling brown hair with its reddish lights, her dreaming blue eyes, her rather large soft mouth, her clever sunbrowned face, it still didn't make the slightest difference to him whether she was beautiful or not.

Looking at her eyes and her mouth and her smooth young throat, he had an almost uncontrollable desire to take her in his arms again. He imagined what it would be like to hold her in his arms, as he had in the living-room, and to have her suddenly become responsive.

Her eyes were moving dreamily over his face as a girl's eyes move over the face of a man she loves, as if she were indulging herself with each familiar, beloved feature, almost as if she, too, were considering what it would be like if he took her in his arms again.

"I was wondering," she said "what will be done about us when the police find that we did go to Needles."

"We will be questioned," Peter said. "And we will be our way out of it."

Henry came into the room with a long, fat envelope in his hand. He said: "This just came, Mr Storm."

It was an air mail special delivery letter the one Peter had been waiting for since his arrival in New York. He excused himself and went into his study and opened it.

The report from Jim Severance, in Washington, on Scott Higgins, alias Professor John Medkin, alias Eric Donaldson, alias Donald Hough, supported his suspicions, and elaborated upon the report that Peter's legman Ben Macklin had made on the conversation he and Eddie Dolan had overheard between Brook Van Pell and Sandra in the Pelican.

According to this report Scott Higgins' father had been an English remittance man, and his mother had been an Italian. He had worked on Ethiopian oil deal before the Italians invaded Ethiopia. He had worked for Italian interests in Mexico. Other missions were listed—in Persia, in Greece, in Venezuela and in Rumania.

Always for Italy. And always more or less in collaboration with a certain Count Angelo Beretti a man of apparently great versatility who was high in official councils in his own country.

A clipping from a New York paper was pasted to the last page of Jim Severance's report with the marginal notation in pencil. You might check this."

The clipping stated that Count Angelo Beretti was en route to New York on the Italian liner City of Naples, which would dock on Thursday evening.

This was Thursday evening. Peter rang for Henry and asked for the morning papers. When Henry brought them Peter consulted the ship news columns and learned that the City of Naples would dock tonight at about 9 o'clock.

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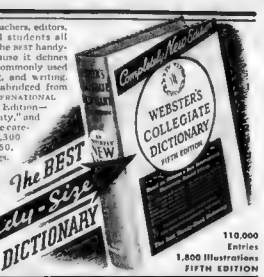
(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

PETER GETS A LINE ON BERETTI

BUSINESS MEN, teachers, editors, secretaries, and students all unite in calling this the best handy-size dictionary, because it defines *all* the words most commonly used in speaking, reading, and writing. It is based on and abridged from WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition—the "Supreme Authority," and is edited with the same careful scholarship. 1,300 pages; $3.50 to $8.50, depending on bindings.



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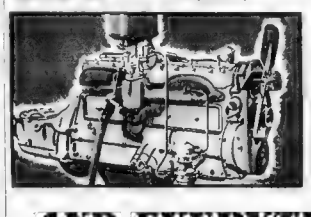

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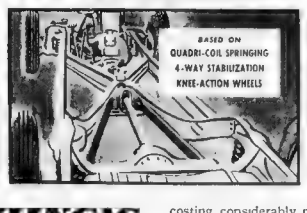

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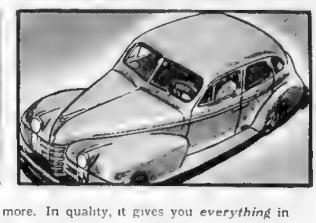

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

OLDSMOBILE

SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER!

(Continued from Double Page)

thickly. His face was mottled gray at the mouth the gums showing broken yellow teeth.

Ave . . . revealed for . . .

What is we on an isle?"

Wait . . . Avery . . . you . . . on . . . you . . . he afraid, captain . . . to . . . put your clothes on and I'll let you into a secret.

When he walked . . . the open . . . clear his throat . . .

I . . . ugliest . . . I . . . needfu . . . and . . . I . . . ask . . . to . . . walk . . . of it.

The captain . . . breathing . . . plunge . . . at his chest. But it . . . Lose . . .

ON PIRATES' TREASURE TRAIL

A . . . Avery . . . for Madagascar with a design for my . . . of the brave . . . bullies . . . I . . . make you one . . . very . . . rich!"

Ford laughed loudly, slapping his thigh.

If . . . continued Avery . . . "there's a boat and you shall be . . . I . . . like that, you . . . dead! I . . . Let a moment Avery . . . Then he . . . the captain, up to the . . . as the . . . must mean . . . hen . . . on the . . .

"Any man willing to come with me to Madagascar for fortune and . . . is welcome."

Attracted by the . . . of the pirates . . . of the . . . and the . . . hoping . . . and . . . for the . . . of . . . Avery . . . Among . . . to . . . and . . . Then . . . to . . . Avery . . . to . . . Avery . . . to . . . Avery

WHEN THE BUCCANEERS ROAMED THE SEAS

(Continued from Page 16)

ing, jostling mob below. They hacked at richly carved doors with their boarding axes, yelling with joy at what they found. They capered to the deck laden with gold and silver vessels, bulging bags of gold dust, coffers of coin. Necklaces of flashing jewels festooned their bloody fingers and brilliant silks draped their tattered shoulders. For hours they toiled, dragging bolts of silk, gourds of perfume, precious lamps to the deck. Wines, spices, salt and provisions were carried aboard the sloops and Avery's ship while the remaining Indians watched hopelessly.

Avery had noticed among the weeping women a slim, small, olive-tinted girl with oval face and great, fearful eyes which her veil could not hide. Between her brows was a little black caste mark. Terrified women crouched around her weeping and trying to comfort her. Avery kicked them to one side and stood hands on hips leering down at the silent girl.

"Princess, I'll be bound," he grinned. "Too good for these damn' Moors. Tell ye what, my pretty. Come wi' me and I'll make ye the wife o' the greatest sea cap'n in Christendom." He turned to the roistering pirates. "Take yer pick lads before they'm all gone. The men can go in their pilgrimage, tho' I'll doubt their heathen god won't like 'em without their gold. Back to yer ships. You come wi' me, pretty."

The men dashed at the screaming women and cut viciously at the pathetic resistance of their country people. Two giggling seamen dragged the half fainting girl from her women and passed her from hand to hand into Avery's ship. Her attendants threw themselves under his feet snatching at his garments.

"Jealous, he ye?" he guffawed. "Your many fools."

He jumped down into his ship where his men were attacking the plunder they had taken from the Mogul.

"Take the gal to my cabin," he ordered.

He could hear desperate screams of women coming from the other ships as they bore away, but he had no eyes or ears for anything but the treasure that lay on the deck. His own men were swilling the highly spiced wines and squabbling over women so none watched him. He fondled massive gold cups and in soft leather pouches he found pearls, diamonds and rubies. Quietly he pocketed a poke of diamonds worth many thousands and hurried to his cabin where the little princess wept in a corner.

"Quiet, my beauty," he said. "And no harm'll come to ye." Swiftly he concealed the diamonds. "No sense in sharing them with a lot of rotted sea lice they'd never know what to do with 'em."

IT WAS the capture of the Mogul ship that set up Avery as one of the mightiest pirates of all times. For the girl in his cabin was the daughter of the reigning prince of Delhi, descendant sense saul of the Great Mogul himself, Baber.

Carefully locking the door he went on deck. The Mogul ship was bearing northwest towards the Gulf of Aden. The sloops were drawing astern. On board his own craft the crew drank and danced about weeping girls.

"Avast!" roared Avery. "Listen, my bullies. What did I tell ye. We've enough plunder to make us all rich men for the rest of our days. But we must be careful of it. Heave to, and signal the sloops to draw alongside."

He bellowed through a speaking trumpet for the sloop captains to come aboard. And soon their boats danced across the darkening sea and the captains boarded him.

"Fine! I has a dooty for a ship cap'n," he chuckled. "A marryin' all shipshape an' Bristol fashion. Get up that little gal."

Howling with mirth they dragged the cowering girl on deck and Avery decked out fantastically in Oriental finery stolen from her father's ship snatched her little hand and posed grotesquely before the midships capstan while bearded, drunken pirates lolled about shouting jokes and advice.

Avery read the service himself from an old book he found among the loot and of which he probably didn't understand a word.

"Dost thou—what's yer name lass," grinned Captain Avery "take this roarin', blood drinkin' buccaneero to be yer lawful wedded husban' for as long as he don't get tired of ye?"

The girl wept piteously.

"That means she do," winked Avery. "These howlin' pirates makes her sort of shy like."

"Do you, Cap'n Avery, take this tasty bit o' fancy fer yer lawful mate?"

"I does," he answered himself. And added:

Then may the Lord ha' mercy on yer soul."

The crews cheered madly while Avery made clumsy attempts to kiss the terrified girl.

All right now pretty, yer Mrs Avery now. But a bloody princess o the cannibal islands, and don't you forget it. Back to the cabin I'll see ye ag'in—later."

He turned to the sloop captains.

"Play's play, but this is work, mates. Now here's the plan. We got enough treasure to make us all rich and wealthy. But we ain't goin' to be like most sailormen and throw it away in the first port we comes to."

"Nay," they agreed.

"Well then. How's fer puttin' it all together in a safe place ashore where we can take from it with safety?"

"Aye aye!"

"But first we gotta get it safe to Madagascar."

They looked at each other.

"Look-a here, mates," he said persuasively. "Your sloops are small and ill armed. If they're attacked alone, they can't make much fight; they'll either be sunk or took with all the treasure. Now my ship is strong, well gunned, well found. She's the fastest sailing vessel of all three. Tain't possible for a King's ship to overtake her. Accordin', I propose that the treasure, the gold an' jewels an' money is put up into three chests, one fer each of us. Each cap'n to keep the key of his own chest. Then the chests is put aboard my ship until we make land. Then we buries it against our needs. No chest to be broached except all is present."

There was much discussion about the plan, but Avery was persuasive and after some hours of bottle passing they agreed. The chests were placed in Avery's hold and the sloop captains returned to their craft.

That night he went to his cabin. By the light of a horn lantern he made out the silent figure of the princess watching him with great, fear-bright eyes. He grinned, closing the door behind him. She gave a half cry when he advanced.

"Now, Mistress Avery," he leered. "Ain't that a nice welcome fer a lovin' husband."

The girl cowered close to a bulkhead, hiding her face.

"Come here, my pretty." He reached to grip her slender wrist.

With a cry she jerked away from him and ran sobbing to the end of the cabin.

"Come here!" He jumped for her. Avery was a brave man with women.

She struggled in his bear-like grip and frantically her little white teeth clenched on his hand.

"Ah ye hussy!" He snatched away and his horny hand slammed into her face. With a broken gasp she slumped to the deck, blood trickling from her beautiful, broken mouth.

"Get up, I didn't mean to hurt ye," he panted and stooped to lift her. Wailing she beat at him

(Continued on Page 19)

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TO WOMEN AFRAID TO DYE THEIR OWN HAIR!

FOR YEARS many women have been afraid to dye their hair because of the many stories—and all dangerous ones, fear that it is too difficult, fear that the dye will destroy your hair's natural luster and sheen. And for, most of all that every one will know your hair is "dyed."

Has anything these fears? Today you can buy at your drug or department store a coloring preparation, with a money-back guarantee, that will give you beautiful results. Gradually it transforms gray, bleached or faded hair to the shade you desire—so perfect that your closest friends would never suspect a harmless hair help. Simple to use, no mixing, no application will not interfere with your regular shampoo or hair dress. Just comb it in. Nothing could be easier. Ask for MARY T. GOLDMAN'S GRAY HAIR COLORING PREPARATION. For sale at drug and department stores.

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TALES FROM KING ARTHUR'S COURT

(Continued From Front Page)

hard wasn't working.

"Now," said Accolon, "save yourself for this one." With that he whaled Arthur all but off his horse.

"It's your turn to brace," said Arthur, lashing out. "Those who saw the fight agreed Hardy never a champion so game as Arthur, considering how much he needed.

Then Arthur took over, but Accolon hit when he was ready.

What kind of fight is this?" said Arthur, and straightway broke his sword on Accolon's head. Then he knew that the sword was not good in earth both hands he seized his sword by the run and dented Accolon's skull.

"Sir," said Accolon, "you will be killed white. You are good."

The way this battle is going," said Arthur "I'd rather be here than yours to fight without a sword adds to my reputation but if you kill me when I'm armed, it won't count."

Then Accolon led with a fierce thrust and once more drove [illegible] that Arthur jerked with [illegible] shield, till he gave ground and [illegible] Accolon that Arthur [illegible] Accolon [illegible] Arthur [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(Continued from Page 17)

with soft hands and with desperate strength tore away from him. Madly she snatched pots from the table to strike at him. Laughing he warded them off.

"Tain't no use," he jeered. She struggled for a moment, then, wearily, seemed to give in.

"Ah, that's better" He kissed her hungrily.

Suddenly she tensed, jerking her bleeding mouth from his. Madly she tore at his belt. There was a shattering roar and she dropped, her chest torn open by a ball from his great pistol.

"Why, damn ye—" He stopped staring aghast at the bleeding figure before him. There were shouts outside and a thumping on the cabin door.

"What's amiss, cap'n?"

"Nothing," he called back, still gazing at the dead girl.

What to do? None of the men had seen the killing of women yet. He looked about him desperately, a turgid stream of curses flowing from his thin mouth. Then his eye caught a stern window. Snatching up the limp, bleeding body he forced it through the casement. There was a splash and he saw the slim black fin of a shark swerve towards the receding shape. Swiftly he scrubbed the telltale mark from the deck and threw bloodstained clothes overboard. It was near dawn when he sat on his bunk drinking rum and wagging his head sadly over his bad luck.

"Damn her! Why did she have to do that?" he mumbled. They'd ha' been happy. Why, he was going to take her to Madagascar where he'd be king; where she'd have been queen if she behaved herself. But no! She had to kill herself.

"Just like a woman" he whined, tears rolling down his filthy cheeks.

Nothin' for a man to do now. What good was a king without a queen? What good for him to settle there now. Damnat he was a king! He'd not go to Madagascar! There were better places where a man with plenty of money could live like a lord.

As he played with the pictures in his rum-fired mind his eyes lost their maudlin sorrow and became sharp and calculating. Day broke and he craned out of the stern window to watch the progress of the sloops. They were almost hull down astern. He went on deck where all slept in the tropic heat save a solitary hand at the wheel. He kicked one to wakefulness.

"Get a bucket o' water and slnice me down" he commanded. "Aye, aye cap'n. An' how's the bride?" gunned the man.

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"The bride? Oh she was overboard in the night" he said with a short laugh. "Why ask me if he hadn't forgot all about the little princess.

He walked the poop stalking the cool morning wind and watching the crew lackadaisically going about their tasks of cleaning the ship. They were making good progress. A glance astern showed him the ship now in sight. He called the master gunner.

"Load the guns with chain shot and stand by to fire on the ship astern. Mr. Avery, you will take charge of the gunners."

"Aye, aye, sir" Avery touched his hat and turned away.

Thus, we can lose them this night."

The gunner wheeled. He mates come aft" he called. "Cap'n's got word for ye."

In a few minutes the deck was crowded with sleepy-eyed frowsy men jostling each other, quarreling, laughing as they pushed aft.

"How's about it, Jack?" yelled Avery. "Shall we sail wi' what we got? A sea rovers life is hard at best. We lose our plunder to the sharks on shore. Shall we trade wi' the sloops? In the hold are enough gold pieces to make us all gentlemen. What say ye, mates, for the Americas with the ship change our names and live in wealth an honour as soldiers o' the new land? Them sloops'll never catch us."

There was a chorus of cheers and the men yelled with a will, watching the slow progress of the single craft that dogged them on the horizon.

That night was starless and a trade wind ruffled the oily water of the Indian Ocean. Avery ordered lights doused and all sail. They changed course to pass to the west of Madagascar and the sea creatures under the ships forefoot. By listening they were able to the other green tokens of the Mozambique Channel. The crew awoke with cries of delight. The horizon stretched an immaculate unbroken line in every direction. They were free.

"No more swill and bones" bellowed Avery. "From now on we are respectable seafaring men bound for the Americas."

They rounded the Cape of Good Hope and once more sailed across the Atlantic without speaking a ship. It was some weeks later that they sighted land.

"'Tis Pratt-mon!" shrieked Ford. "I'll stake it."

That day they hailed a fishing craft.

"What news?" shouted Avery.

"None except that ye'll hang as bloody pirate!" yelled a man at the tiller.

"What! Seize him!" bellowed Avery.

Grappling irons held the fishing boat in its skipper was dragged aboard the larger ship.

"What's this about stolen craft?" growled Avery.

The fisherman looked coolly

(Continued on Page 20)

Exploits of the Pirate Brotherhood

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Aunt Jemima READY-MIX Pancakes

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3128—SURPRISE WHEN YOU TURN YOUR BACK AND SHOW THE BACK BUTTONING THAT MAKES THIS COTTON DRESS SO EASY TO HANDLE FOR SEWING AND IRONING. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3086—MOTHERS TO-BE ENJOY WAITING FOR THE BIG DAY IN THIS TWO-PIECE STYLE. THE SLIP-SKIRT ADJUSTS AT THE WAIST; THE PLEATED SMOCK TOP IS SO CONCEALING. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 39-inch fabric; contrast collar and tie, ⅜ yard.

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Pattern 3127—CROCHET AN HEIRLOOM CLOTH, SCARF OR SPREAD FROM THESE EASY SQUARES THAT ADD UP SO QUICKLY! Pattern 3127 contains directions for making square; illustrations of it and stitches; materials required, photograph of square.

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The Notorious Pirate, Capt. Avery Attacking the Treasure Ship of the Great Mogul — From an Old Print

(Continued from Page 19)

about him at the crowded, breathless faces. He spat on the deck and hoisted his pantaloons.

There was a rustle of anticipation as a ship as rare as it was valuable, the Dyck, sailed the harbor. An Englander, "It is a craft beara it a close resemblance."

Avery grinned with relief.

"That" he laughed "That ain't no pirate ship. That is a privateer out of Bristol town. Cap'n Jones that a me, master. We e had to buck on the owners war but old I'm for Boston to sell her an get a smaller ship."

Oh, aye, these thirty-gun craft look all alike," commented the fisherman. "Want to sell her eh? Well, I've a brother over Gloucester way who'll sell ve the prettiest sloop ye ever saw. Dan'l Coffin's his name an"

"Aye, I'll remember."

Avery ushered the skipper back to his vessel and stood in towards land. That night he anchored and called his men.

Now lads we'll divide an' hide. Every man holds his share o' plunder and guards it hisself. Below now, and break out them chests."

The men knew what Avery had been through the chests with a master key and extracted all the easily portable loot he could find. Secreted about his cabin were diamonds, jewels of rare beauty and bar gold until he had a staggering fortune.

By the light of flickering lanterns the plunder was brought on deck and the chests carefully broached. Silks, jewels, gold crusted weapons and all were piled about the mast and every man came forward and took his choice until all was divided. The pirates crouched over their booty, each admiring what he had won, making comparisons with his fellows' choices. Avery looked on and took the pick of the choice on the poop.

"All satisfied" he called.

"Aye, aye"

"Good. If so all and we land tomorrow. Just show the stuff aboard the Seafort and we'll have every farthing about our heads. I sell the ship an' get a sloop. What we can go anywhere without being suspected."

The men lay low in Providence while Avery stripped of the ship. It was two weeks before he called them from taverns and dockside dives to join aboard a sloop. For a month they cruised the coast dropping some here some there until most were safe ashore. Avery and Ford took the sloop on a long voyage to the unknown territories north of Cape Cod. It is said that Avery returned alone, sold the sloop in Boston, bought a house and settled down as a retired merchant.

HE began looking about for a good way of disposing of some of his loot. He had to do it gradually, and carried with him the pouch of diamonds, ready to sell one or more to get ready cash. He visited a jeweler and offered a medium-sized stone for sale. The old man examined it and squinted at the pirate.

"Where did ye get this master?" he inquired.

I bought it with some other property in New York." Avery did not like the man's expression "Why?"

"They say the King's men are searching high and low for pirates who took the Great Mogul's ship last year. Killed some princes, they did, and stole the Mogul's daughter. Took near a million pounds worth of plate and diamonds."

Well this ain't one." Avery snatched it back, shaking with alarm. "Do they know who took the Mogul's ship"

Aye, a bloody scoundrel of the name of Avery." the jeweler chuckled. "Them pirates think they're the lords of the sea, but they make mistakes when they per wi' ships o the Mogul. It was unfortunate with a Mogul ship that starts the King's men after Kidd, and ye know what happened to him. They'll find the lad who stole the Mogul's daughter and he'll hang on Execution Dock same as Kidd did. England don't want to make the Mogul mad, she a doin' too much trading in his waters."

Aye. Well, I hopes they catch him." Avery tucked the diamond into his poke and went out. He hurried to his house and crouched behind locked doors pondering uneasily. Too many seafaring men about Boston. Someone might recognize him. Besides the sloops might seek him out and that would mean swift and bloody death. Even them he was certain those chicken-livered scum by the King's men he had practised the Mogul's ship. He scarce dast leave. There are little cash left he'd have to sell some diamonds before he could be rich enough to unearth the treasure he had buried. He decided to go to Ireland where he could think of looking for him there.

He took passage and found some of his men doing the same. They gave themselves to King William's pardon when they landed. But Avery was excluded from that mercy.

"Rot them" he whined 'they were just as bad as he. Why couldn't the pardon include him?

But King William was looking for the commander of the ship who attacked his friend the Great Mogul; he had promised to hang him as high as Haman.

Avery, haunted by his fears shifted from town to town until he made his way across the Irish Sea to Devon and settled in Bideford, not far from his birthplace. The irony of his circumstances never struck him. He was poverty stricken and yet in the tail pocket of his long coat was a pouch of diamonds worth forty thousand pounds. Listening carefully to talk in the ale houses he learned that Gibson, his old captain was dead of drink. He learned too that there was a good smuggling trade along the Devon coast and that certain merchants of Bristol were not above making a bit out of French brandies, tea and laces. Over tankards of ale he got into conversation with a smuggler.

"Sithee," he whispered. "I've diamonds to sell. Real diamonds. No false sparks or Bristol stones these. Got them in the Americas. How can I dispose of them?"

The man knew of some merchants who'd help.

A meeting was arranged and portly, dignified men with pink shaven faces and good, West of England broadcloth coats waited on him in Bideford. He disclosed to their veiled eyes diamonds three gold chalices jeweled with diamonds, emeralds and rubies two small gold vases, a gold Moorish lamp and other pieces.

"Harumph! Well, you understand, me man, that these pieces will take some time to—er dispose of."

"Aye, but I need money," answered the pirate, hating their smug superiority. "Can ye not arrange an advance?"

They conferred in whispers, occasionally turning to inspect him as though he were a criminal. Damn them, he thought, anyone'd think they was judges instead of damned, fishy middlemen.

They paid him a little cash, took the treasure and departed.

AT least he had something. He settled in a hotel and passed out the story that he was a retired sea captain from America. Before long his money was finished. He obtained credit but, hearing nothing from the merchants he became uneasy. He wrote to Bristol but received no answer. At last he went there and demanded his rights. They gave him a little.

"What's this?" he protested, facing one of them. "You've had my property for months. I want a true accounting."

"Return tomorrow," said the merchant. "We'll account for all."

Next morning he marched into the counting house in Trelawney Queen's Square. The merchants sat behind a wide table.

Sarvant, gen'lemen," he saluted, but they kept silence.

"Well," he blustered, "can't ve give a man the time o' day? All right, let's to the accounting."

The oldest merchant coughed, exchanged glances with his partners and stood up.

"We've been over the list of articles you left with us for disposal," he began. "We find that those goods were stolen from a Mogul ship. It is our duty, of course, to inform the Government. We can't have dealings with pirates."

Avery glared at the impassive faces.

"Why, ye swine!" he exploded. "That's my property; lawfully come by. Good an' well! If ye can't sell it, return it. I'll dispose of it myself."

As to that" said the spokesman calmly. "The goods are in the hands of our agents in London. They have sent orders to arrest the man who brought them to us."

"Arrest me? What for?" The blustrer had given place to fear in Avery's shifty eyes.

"I say,

Avery backed towards the door.

"Ha! ve won't be hard on you," said one man smoothly. "You brought the things to us and we paid you a lot of money. You say you are innocent. Well we'll give you a chance to get away before we report the matter. But you'd better keep away from Bristol town for the Exchequer will be out for you."

"Sir!" spat Avery. "Lord! pirates are there, too?"

Hard words" said a merchant slowly. "Perhaps, gentlemen, we'd better hold him."

"All right" snarled the pirate "I'll go, but ye'll give me enough to take me out of the country."

After a conference they offered him a few gold pieces which he snatched with a curse and left.

He went to Ireland, but poverty forced him to work his way back to Bristol. He pleaded with the merchants for enough to take him to America.

"I've a great treasure hidden there," he promised. "Give me a ship and I'll share with you."

"Turn pirate again more like" snapped the merchants. "Be off, before we call the watch."

Wearily he stole away. He managed to reach Bideford, and there a few days later he fell sick and died, "not being worth enough to buy him a coffin."

My next week's article will deal with Gasparilla, the fighting mosquito, dandy of the Spanish Main; a Spanish grandee who conducted his pirating as though it were a big business, with iron-clad rules and regulations, and even a system of workmen's compensation for his bloodthirsty crews.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Under the Murderous Jolly Roger

AMAZING NEW LIQUID WAY TO BEAUTIFY TEETH THRILLS NATION

Millions now changing to sensational tooth cleanser that uses newly-found, patented, ingredient —cleans teeth with unsurpassed safety to enamel and gums.

There's Beauty in Every Drop
Teel
New Wonder-Liquid Takes Place of TOOTH PASTE and POWDER
Contains no pumice, grit or abrasives of any kind. Cannot scratch tooth enamel!
Proper dental care can make a lot of difference in the beauty and clean feel of your teeth. See for yourself!

THROUGH the discovery of an amazing dental cleansing agent, a revolutionary dentifrice has been developed which seems destined to start a new era in the daily care of teeth.

We called on home after home, in a typical city, where it had been tried against popular dentifrices, and more of these people preferred this new marvel than all tooth pastes and powders they were using, combined.

Revolutionary in Action

Teel is the name of this remarkable dentifrice, developed by Procter & Gamble after four years of research. It's not paste—not powder, not soap—but an amazing *liquid* with "Beauty in Every Drop"!

Teel contains no pumice, no grit—no abrasives of any kind. Cannot scratch tooth enamel. Guaranteed to contain no harmful chemicals—no bleach. Safe as water on teeth.

Teel uses a sensational, patented dental cleansing agent that multiplies over 30 times in mouth. Penetrates crevices between teeth. Acts to wash away decaying food particles. Leaves mouth feeling wonderfully refreshed. Helps sweeten breath—as it cleans, hence beautifies teeth in a thrilling new way.

Easy to Use—Economical

Teel has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. It's surprisingly economical, for only a few drops required for each brushing. Easy to use—and these drops will not roll off brush. No mess; no waste.

Get Teel today. On display at drug department, 10¢ stores. Brush your teeth thoroughly morning and night with this liquid dentifrice wonder. See if you don't thrill at the "clean feel" of your teeth and mouth. And don't forget to visit your dentist regularly for check-up, and his professional advice. With this proper care, see how much more beautiful your teeth look.

Teel *Liquid Dentifrice is an amazing new product developed and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble*

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

FRESH YEAST to help digestion
VITAMINS for vitality
TOGETHER fresh yeast with its vitamins can help keep you *running in high* all winter

If you are feeling dragged out . . . If you often get slight digestive upsets that pull down your vitality... **it is time you tried putting the new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast into your diet.**

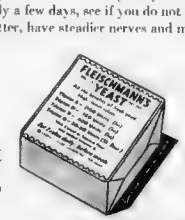
Scientists say it's *both* the vitamins *and* the action of *fresh yeast itself* that make Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast so helpful in building people up.

The fresh yeast *stimulates* sluggish digestive activity and *speeds* the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this is an action of the *yeast itself*—entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *build up* steady nerves and *build up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important Vitamins A, B1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Start now to eat 2 cakes of Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast regularly every day. After only a few days, see if you do not begin to feel better, have steadier nerves and more vitality.



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Don't let active work rob your hands of their feminine charm. Thousands of women have found a way to keep their hands smooth and youthful looking by using Danya—the wonderful new-type hand lotion.

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JUDGING A CAKE CONTEST

A HUNDRED pieces of fruit cake laid out before you on the table all at the same time! Wouldn't that be enough to tempt the appetite of even a household writer?

Yet this is exactly what happened at a fruitcake judging contest recently held in a metropolitan center. And since so many women bake and serve this cake, it may be of interest to readers to learn more of the details of how such a contest is conducted.

In this particular contest it had been pre-arranged that the rating would be divided on the following points: General appearance and texture, 25 per cent. Fragrance and aroma, 25 per cent. Taste, 50 per cent.

Surprising to state, all is not fruit cake though called by that name, and even with 100 samples to judge, differences in appearance and texture were keenly and instantly perceived by the judging culinary experts. Thus, as a start-off, it was agreed that no cake having noticeable "seeds" or grit would be considered. Again, it was agreed that any

cake having too large or predominant nut fragments or other single fruit should also automatically be left out.

In short, fruit cake texture must be a true mixture—that is, the ingredients must be evenly cut and appear uniformly blended. Since fruit cake includes hard pieces in the shape of almonds, pecans or other nuts, and other firm bits such as candied fruit peels, this point of uniform mix, or evenly distributed ingredients was the first and most easily judged point.

In several cases, a spicy, delicious-tasting cake was ruled out because the nuts were cut too large or the cherries were left the size of small marbles, and thus made eating less pleasant. Ladies, remember this when you make your next 1940 fruit cake.

How test the "fragrance and aroma" of this seasonable and traditional baked goods? Believe it or not, the judges went down the long table, lifted up every separate slice of cake not previously disqualified, and gave each the "nose test" for smell and fragrance. Fruit cake, as everyone knows, is a spicy mixture with clove, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc., all included.

And here again it was surprising to see, or rather to smell, distinctions in aroma. Some samples, when lifted near the nostrils, gave forth a rich fragrance reminiscent of the Isles of Spice; others exhaled no definite odor; others smelled faintly like a toilet-table hand lotion. Of course, the spiciness counted most, and any sample which seemed to give forth a fatty odor was not included in the final round-up for prizes.

Another point — there are, as every hostess is aware, two main types of fruit cake, the white fruit cake and the black or dark variety. These two types were kept in mind, and each variety included, although the popular preference seems to be for a dark cake. Several samples of the dark or black cake were moist, having a plum pudding consistency—and this quality also left these particular samples out of the running.

Fruit cake may, of course, be steamed and eaten as a pudding if so desired; but "cake" means a dry crumb-type of mix, rather than a moist pudding-type of mix, and it may be well for readers to remember this point also, when next they bake fruit cake.

But taste tells. Hence, the judging of the taste and flavor, which rated each sample 50 points, was done with much care. By this time, about 20 samples out of the original 100 were left on one corner of the long judging table, for their final rating on taste only.

The three judges, in turn, broke off a small crumb of cake and ate it slowly, tasting the meanwhile. One judge sipped a mouthful of water between eating of each sample, whereas another judge took a swallow of coffee in between her judging of the finals.

In the end, both white fruit cake and black fruit cake won out, with a special dark cake as the first-prize winner. This particular cake (all cakes were known only by a tagged number) had a rich dark crumb or cake texture basis; it was richly aromatic, as if the spices used had been very fresh; the solid bits of fruit peel and nuts were evenly and uniformly cut and mixed; the cake was cut or sliced well, neither falling apart (as did several samples), nor cutting with a moist or greasy consistency. It was a pleasing cake that any hostess would like to serve at any time — all-year-through.

Other details included the rejection by the judges of a sample which seemed too highly-colored —either too bright a green, with bits of pistachio or angelica, or too red with maraschino cherries —which, by the way, are less suited to this type of cake than are dry candied cherries, which blend and combine better with the other dry candied orange, lemon and citron peels also used in the mixture. Excellent in this cake are blanched and shredded almonds and English walnuts—the traditional nuts for fruit cake. Last, the prize-winner had a homey appearance as it lay on the plate—a good, fine slice of "home-made" cake that you were sure some careful painstaking woman had made—and baked in her own kitchen oven.

While only a few cake samples rated a money or concrete gift prize — the real prize to the women who participated was their experience and the interest created in any such contest locally, as well as the general stimulation to finer home cooking. Even the most supreme chef needs a satisfaction to his ego—a bit of blue ribbon (the "cordon bleu") — the praise of the diner, the recognition of his peers and associates. So, too, with this or any other cooking contest, or one featuring any type of home skill—the contest itself is its own best reward.

—Christine Frederick.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? If so, it may be worth $1.00 to you.

Perhaps it is an unusual way to use leftovers. Maybe it is a clever way to use less gas or electricity. Or then again it may be a timesaving idea for doing housework, or making an inexpensive something to do the work of a more expensive something else.

Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
235 East 45th Street, New York.

THIS week, Mrs. Nellie Younkins, Vandergrift, Pa., starts off with four prize-winning hints:

* * *

SOUR

To make sweet cream sour, take 1 cup of cream; add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. To sour evaporated milk, take 1 teaspoon vinegar to each cup of milk.

* * *

POACHED

If a few drops of vinegar are added to the water in which eggs are to be poached, they will hold together and will not separate the yolk from the white.

GREASE

To stop grease from sputtering. When grease pops and sputters in the frying pan, just add about ½ teaspoon of flour sifting it into grease.

* * *

SOFT

To keep brown sugar from becoming hard. Take it out of package, put into mason jar and seal. It will keep soft for many weeks.

Mrs. Nellie Younkins,
Kepple Hill Road,
Vandergrift, Pa.

* * *

WIRE

The use of a wire dishrag is superior to a brush to wash vegetables with, such as carrots, potatoes and parsnips.

* * *

SCORCHED

If in ironing, an article becomes scorched wet the spot and place it in the sun. Repeat until scorch disappears.

* * *

STIRRING

To save stirring when boiling macaroni or noodles, place in a tin flour sieve and immerse in boiling water required time for cooking, then drain.

* * *

DUSTING

Always use two cloths for dusting, one in each hand. There will be no fingermarks on the furniture.

Mrs. J. J. Tyrrell,
Portland, Oregon.

* * *

SHINY

To make ginger snaps shiny wash with a little molasses and water before baking, using a soft brush.

Mrs. A. J. Shorb,
Hanover, Pa.

* * *

STRINGBEANS

Scarlet runner stringbeans make a decorative climbing vine. The green pods are used like stringbeans—the dried bean (seed) is edible, also.

* * *

CHIVES

Plant a border of chives somewhere in your flower garden. Really a vegetable—they have an attractive purple flower—which is decorative. The leaves—like fine green leaves—are chopped finely for salads, soups and sandwiches.

Mrs. Josephine Tidwell,
San Jose, California.

MAKING THE MOST OF CHERRIES

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE story of George Washington and the cherry tree has not only furnished a memorable example in ethics and child behaviorism, but has singled out a special fruit that will always be associated with our first President.

When the youthful George readily acknowledged to his indignant father that he had cut down a small cherry tree, on the beautiful home plantation grounds in Virginia, he made this familiar tree and its colorful jewel-like fruit immortal.

And deservedly so—for cherries make a popular appeal to the housewife because of their bright gay color, their tangy refreshing taste, and their charming globular shape which renders them ideal as a garnish or topping for other dishes.

In many countries this useful and world-wide fruit is used in an interesting soup, especially in Summer, when such a fruity first course is most refreshing. Cherries of course, too, are the basis of delicious cordials and special liqueurs—cherry brandy and "kirschwasser" being two well-known favorites used much for flavoring cakes, sauces and to be enjoyed alone as aperitifs.

Fruiting normally in mid- or late Summer, cherries may now be enjoyed all the year round, owing to improvements in growing, packing, and distribution in canned form.

Packed under various trade names, they may be classed chiefly as white cherries, which are large, fleshy, and perhaps the most suitable for dessert and salad use; red cherries, also for dessert and salad use and sauces, and the sour or "pie cherry" type of pack put up with a minimum of sugar.

Again, the hostess has recourse to the maraschino cherry—most popular as a garnish because its glowing ruby hue furnishes a rich contrast to the green of a salad, the ivory tone of many starchy desserts, and features it as top note of a cocktail prelude to dinner. It is the maraschino cherry that will grace the whipped cream of the cherry chiffon pie, or deck the ice cream, or other fancy dessert which the hostess prepares to honor George Washington's birthday on February 22nd.

Still further, there is the candied cherry—a whole ripe fruit crystallized and sculptured in sugar syrup. This is your cherry if you are planning to make a fruit-cake mixture, or if you desire to set a diadem of fruit jewels on top of some special cake for a party occasion.

Candied cherries, too, should be selected with which to make the cherries on the interesting "log cake" often featured on this patriotic birthday. This is a long narrow shape of cake, covered with a thick chocolate frosting to give it a log- or wood-like appearance, which is then decorated with sprays of candied cherries on stems of candied green angelica—a perfect replica of a thick branch of the traditional "cherry tree."

Since the cherry kernel has an almond fragrance, it is a good trick to add a few drops of almond extract to many cherry mixtures, thus intensifying the subtle, distinctive cherry flavor. This is often done when freezing cherry sherbet — another good suggestion for the George Washington party dessert. Or, add a drop of almond and more decided red color to a cherry sauce to be used over rich vanilla ice cream—always liked as a finale to any holiday menu.

Owing to their tart flavor and rich, red color, cherries are excellent contrast for the many flour, dumpling or cake-like desserts so suitable right now in Winter weather. Examples are upside-down cherry cake, a cherry cobbler, and, of course, cherry pie.

So, too, and for the same reasons, cherry sauces are liked for their sharp, fresh, fruity tang on such favorites as cottage pudding, rice or tapioca pudding, etc. The whole fruit combines well also with cut portions of other Winter fruits like oranges, grapefruit, or canned pineapple, whether in a cheerful Winter fruit cup or salad.

So use cherries as you will, and enliven and add tart zest to your Winter meals, from soup straight through dessert.

Cherry Recipes You'll Like

Cherry Chocolate Cake Delight: Beat yolks of 8 eggs, add 1 cup granulated sugar, and beat in ¼ pound softened butter or shortening. Add 1 cup ground blanched almonds, ½ pound melted sweet chocolate, and mix thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 8 eggs. Turn into buttered and floured shallow oblong baking pan. Arrange drained pitted red cherries over top. Bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for about 20 minutes. Cool slightly and cut into squares. Serves 8. Good with vanilla ice cream.

Cherry Chiffon Pie: 1 envelope unflavored gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup canned sour cherry juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 well-beaten egg yolks, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites, ½ cup sugar, whipped cream; pitted red cherries. Soften gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Combine sugar, juice, salt and beaten yolks and cook over hot water until of a thick custard consistency. Add softened gelatin and lemon rind, and cool. Fold in stiffly-whipped egg whites with remaining sugar. Turn into baked pastry shell and chill until firm. Top with whipped cream and garnish edge with cherries.

THAT'S WHY MOMMY GAVE UP STRONG SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES—AND CHANGED TO PURE IVORY

For you, too—here's a hint on helping your hands stay smooth. Especially during this cold weather they need all the help you can give them. So use gentle Ivory Soap for dishwashing instead of strong soaps. And see the difference it makes!

Ivory is *kind* to your hands—so gentle that many doctors advise it for babies. Yet Ivory costs less than 1¢ a day for all your dishwashing—less even than those granulated soaps you use on washday.

So help your hands stay smooth. Start using pure Ivory for dishes right away!

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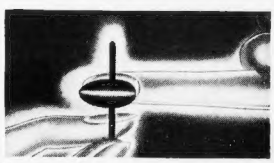

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Send this Coupon Now for 12 Shades FREE!

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

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TRY MY DELICIOUS NEW GINGERBREAD DESSERT

It's festive, but simple . . . a treat for any occasion

BRER RABBIT'S GINGERBREAD BETTY

Make Brer Rabbit Gingerbread (following recipe on page 6 of Brer Rabbit's new cook book). While warm, cut gingerbread in squares. Scoop out center of each square and fill with apple sauce. Sprinkle with cinnamon and top with sweetened whipped cream.

GIVE spicy, warm gingerbread a stuffing of apple sauce—and a hat of fluffy whipped cream. *There's* a dessert that brings smiles—from ear to ear!

But, remember—Brer Rabbit Molasses is the kind you need for real, old-plantation flavor in gingerbread. Because Brer Rabbit is pure New Orleans molasses, made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane. When you buy molasses, say "Brer Rabbit."

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115 recipes. Gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, breads, main dishes, puddings, ice creams, candies. 28 photographs. Washable cover! Mail coupon.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Yo, Ho! Ho!

AND A BUNCH OF BANANAS!

At the Left, Quaint Drawing of Pirate Dampier Peacefully Roasting a Banana After Scuttling a Ship and Killing the Crew in Cold Blood.

WAY back in the 1670's William Dampier, an Englishman, went out to Jamaica to manage a plantation. The banana country got into his veins, and he ended as one of the most ruthless and bloody of the buccaneers that sailed the Spanish Main. Bold pirate that he was, and with the finest wines and viands of the Spanish galleons his for the taking, Dampier was so fond of bananas that he wrote the first book in English about that versatile fruit.

"When banana fruit is only used for bread, it is roasted or boiled when it is full grown, but not yet ripe or turned yellow," Dampier wrote. "Sometimes for a change natives eat a roasted banana and a ripe raw one which is instead of bread and butter. They sat very pleasant so, and I have made many a good meal in this quaint manner.

"Sometimes our Englishmen take six or seven ripe bananas and mashing them together, make them into a lump and boil them instead of a bag-pudding; which they call buff-jacket, and this is a very good way for a change."

"MISHLAW"

"This fruit makes also very good tarts; and the green plantain, sliced thin and dried in the sun and grated, will make a sort of flour which is very good to make puddings. A ripe plantain, sliced and dried in the sun, may be preserved a great while and then eaten like figs, very sweet and pleasant.

"The Darien Indians preserve them a long time by drying them over the fire, mashing them first, and moulding them into lumps. The Mosquito Indians will take a ripe banana and roast it; then take a pint and one-half of water in a calabash; and squeeze the banana in pieces with their hands: mixing this with water; then they drink it off together; this they call 'mishlaw' and it is pleasant and sweet and nourishing, somewhat like 'lamb's wool' (as it is called), made with apples and ale."

Here are some interesting banana recipes by pirate Dampier:

GRILLED BANANAS

Take six or eight ripe bananas, wipe them, put them under the grill, or over a bright fire, cook for ten or fifteen minutes. Serve hot in skins in hot dish. Very good for breakfast, especially on cold mornings. Serve with lemon or orange juice.

FRITTERS

Remove skins from ten or twelve bananas; brush egg over each; cover with bread crumbs; and fry in hot fat. For an accompanying savoury, use this excellent recipe:

For a savoury, prepare this:

1 teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of dry mustard
¼ teaspoonful of pepper
1 teaspoonful of red or brown crumbs
A little cayenne

Mix well together and shake over banana.

BANANA TARTS

Take large deep dish such as used for apple tarts. Take one and one-half dozen bananas cut in rounds, one-half grated rind of one lemon; the juice of one lemon, three ounces of moist sugar, and a teacupful of water. Pastry same as for apple tarts. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

BAKED OR ROASTED BANANAS

Select large and not over-ripe bananas for this dish.

Strip off about one-third of the skin lengthwise and loosen remainder of skin from fruit by means of a teaspoon.

Lay the banana in a buttered sauce-pan or baking-dish, and place a few very thin bits of butter on top of each, and sprinkle freely with sugar.

Pour over each about one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, and bake for 15 or 20 minutes in a hot oven.

6 ALMANACK RECIPES THAT WIN $5 PRIZES

PIONEER SOUP

THE EARLY SETTLERS LIKED IT, TOO

"WOODSMEN, farmers and other outdoorsmen of an early day ate plenty of this economical soup which is still popular," writes Mrs. Thomas Gergel, Jr., Olean, N. Y. "It is good for growing youngsters, or for that matter, the entire family."

6 medium sized potatoes (diced)
1½ pounds spare ribs of pork
3 onions sliced thinly
½ cup tomatoes
Salt and pepper to taste

"Put spare ribs on in cold water and when coming to a boil skim. After about ½ hour of boiling, add onions and tomatoes. Then ½ hour later add salt and pepper to taste and the potatoes. Simmer until ribbles are added, then boil.

RIBBLES FOR THE SOUP

2 cups flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon salt

"Beat egg until light, sift flour in beaten egg until fine ribbles are obtained by working between fingers. Ten minutes before serving the soup, remove the meat. Then add as many ribbles as will thicken the soup nicely. If you have any left over just put in a covered jar; they will keep nicely. Boil for ten minutes.

"This soup is an old stand-by with us. In this cold weather it tastes oh, so good. It's very tasty and easy to prepare, too."

(Many thanks, Mrs. Gergel, for this economical suggestion for extending the flavor of meat. We are especially glad to have your suggestion for using pork now that so many of our homes have it on hand. We find that we do not need all the ribbles for this quantity of soup and we put them aside, as you suggest, in a covered jar to be used a day or two later.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In 1554 When Larks Were a Table Delicacy They Were Sold for Ten Cents a Dozen.

APRICOT HORNS

SERVE THEM WITH THE COFFEE

"THIS delicious recipe was brought over from Europe by my grandmother," writes Miss Ella Machek, Chicago, Ill. "I have used it for years and it is a favorite in my household. I hope you like it, too.

½ pound butter
3 cups flour
3 egg yolks
1 cake yeast
1 tablespoon sugar
8 tablespoons cream (or top milk)
⅛ teaspoon vanilla

"Mix flour and butter thoroughly on a bread board. Add beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Add the yeast which has been raised in the warm cream and sugar. Add vanilla. Knead well. Roll out thinly in a circle and cut pie wedges; place small amount of apricot marmalade and roll with fingers to form a small crescent shape horn.

"Place on lightly greased tins and allow to stand 20 minutes. Bake in moderate oven, or about 350 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes, until lightly browned."

APRICOT MARMALADE

Sugar
Dried apricots
Water

"Cover dried apricots with water. After soft, add sugar and mash. Stir while cooking as apricots burn easily."

(Many thanks, Miss Machek, for your generosity in sending us this fine recipe. With a steaming hot cup of good coffee your Apricot Horns would please many of our readers very much.—Mary Lee Swann.)

The Ancient Greeks Were the Most Skillful Bakers of Their Day and Knew How to Make at Least 72 Varieties of Bread.

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: the Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

WALNUT ROAST

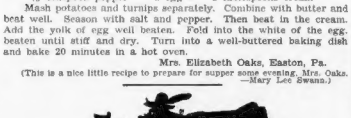
A "MEAT" DISH WITHOUT MEAT

"EVERY once in a while I like to serve a meatless main course that nevertheless tastes something like meat," writes Mrs. E. Koch, Maplewood, Mo., "and so I prepare the following recipe:

2 eggs
1½ cups toasted bread crumbs
1 cup ground walnuts
1½ cups milk
½ cup cream
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons grated onions

"Beat the eggs until light, add the milk, cream and bread crumbs. Let stand 20 minutes. Add the other ingredients, turn into a buttered bread tin and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Serve with any preferred sauce. Pecans may be used in place of walnuts, or equal parts of black walnuts and English walnuts. Six servings."

(Mrs. Koch, we take great pleasure in awarding a prize for your Walnut Roast. It is delicious in flavor. It is easy to prepare and it is a comparatively inexpensive meat substitute. The recipe is so delicious we would not hesitate to suggest it as a main dish for any luncheon or supper menu. We baked it in a glass baking dish and garnished it with crisp watercress. We used ground English walnuts and 2 teaspoons onion juice in place of the grated onions.—Mary Lee Swann.)



BEEF BOURGUIGNON

MAKING A DELICACY OUT OF BEEF STEW

"WHILE beef stew, when properly prepared, is an excellent dish, it's flavor may be so enhanced that it becomes a dish for epicures," writes Mrs. Yvonne Steele, New York City. "Make it as follows and you will understand what I mean.

2 pounds beef stew
2 onions
1 green pepper
1 clove garlic
3 carrots
1 tablespoon flour
2 glasses of red wine, claret or Burgundy
1 bay leaf
1 pinch of mixed spice
1 good size egg of butter
Salt and pepper

"Melt butter, chop onions, garlic and green pepper and put them in the saucepan and let brown a little but don't burn. Take your beef and dip in hot water until it looks whitish, drain and mix with your flour and stir. Pour one glass of water and your two glasses of wine and stir. Take your carrots and cut them in thin ring, add them to your beef, add bay leaf and mixed spice, salt and pepper and let cook slowly for 4 hours. Serves six. For extra vegetable boil potatoes."

(Mrs. Steele, your recipe for Beef Bourguignon in truth is a delight to epicures. Where it is impossible to obtain wine, a wine flavoring may be substituted.—Mary Lee Swann.)

CHAPPED HANDS?

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UNION MADE

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Almanack Echoes

Preparing for the Stag Supper

By Mrs. Anna M. Gerbach, Cadillac, Michigan.

I WONDER if any of the ladies in small communities ever have "stag suppers" for their husband and his friends. Men like to get together occasionally for a game of cards, or just sit and talk, or swap yarns. (Some big as well as small ones.) My husband belongs to such a club which meets at our house once in a while for a stag dinner.

When the men are together each guest is assigned some duty. I leave three chefs' aprons for the men who mash potatoes, mix the cocktails or open beer, or serve the food. I make out the menu, write out details such as taking salad, cream, butter and relishes from the refrigerator, cutting bread, pie, etc. (I have come home many the time and found the salad or relish still in the ice box. Poor little boys, they still have to be watched.)

I place eight dinner plates on the warming oven. Every thing is served from the kitchen, each guest getting in line for his plate. Some competent guest dishes up. When they have finished, each person leaves 10c as tip under his plate. They leave the dining room and turn out the lights. My neighbor's high school girl then comes over, puts the food away, washes the dishes, etc. The 80c more than compensates her for her work. As soon as the men arrive I take the children and myself who have had an early supper out for the evening. When we return home we bid everyone good-night and he to parts unknown. The men surely do enjoy themselves. I wish to submit two menus which are favorites, sometime I vary the menu with hot biscuits or corn bread. Some of the club members' wives serve oyster stew suppers, or spaghetti.

Menu and details as follows:

No. 1– Hamburger Patties (2 for each). Broil patties made from half beef and lamb. Sauted onions in butter. Cook onions in butter, place altogether in pan and keep hot.
Cream potatoes.
Beet relish and celery.
Raw vegetable salad using lettuce, cucumber and sliced radishes as base, adding mashed Roquefort cheese, olive oil, garlic rubbed on bowl, and salt. Serve in colored pottery bowls.
Bread and butter, or hot biscuits.
Apple pie and coffee.

No. 2–Buy pork loin, have butcher cut 8 chops 1½ inches thick, place in roasting pan with large thick slice of onion on top each chop. Brown in oven with lid off, when golden brown add water, salt, pepper, clove garlic and one bay leaf. Cook until done, make gravy in same pan with porkchops. Cover, set in warm place.
Also serve a salad, using thick sour cream, capers, tarragon vinegar, sugar and salt for cold slaw.
Mashed potatoes.
Cold slaw.
Fresh apple sauce.
Relish.
Lemon pie and coffee completes the meal.

STEAMED MEAT BALLS

Dear Almanack:

I very eagerly await my Sunday paper which has brought a very choice selection of delicious economical recipes. For I too, as many others, must watch for high food value in my cooking at the least cost. I have six very robust youngsters always ready to eat. They went wild over the "Peanut Cake" which holds a star in my "hobby" cook book.

I don't remember ever seeing one just like the following original recipe. It is a dandy, for it takes little of my time to prepare.

1½ pounds ground beef
1 large onion or 2 small
1 large egg or 2 small
½ cup condensed milk
½ cup raw rice
3 or 4 stalks of celery
1 can tomato soup

Mix thoroughly all ingredients, chop fine onion and celery, salt and pepper to suit taste. Have tomato soup diluted and boiling in large kettle which has been rubbed with garlic. Form small balls of meat mixture and drop carefully in soup, turning till all are in and seared over by boiling soup. Place on lid which fits tightly. I use my waterless cooker. Turn fire to as low a point as will keep a gentle steam. Cook 3 hours. Watch closely near end of cooking. Heavy kettle lessens cooking period slightly. I always pour tomato gravy over either cooked macaroni or spaghetti. For about 60c I can prepare this wholesome meal for my family of eight. It has an honor seat in my menus.

Mrs. Glenn Root,
Hartford, Michigan.

(Mrs. Root, your steamed meat ball recipe is a prize winner. Readers will also be interested in the fact that this delicious meal feeds 8 at a cost of 60c.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HERB BOUQUET

Dear Almanack:

I am submitting a recipe for "Herb Bouquet," a concoction to be used to perk up the color and flavor of soups, gravies, stews, hash, etc., that can be made in any kitchen very easily.

I studied domestic science in Germany in 1910-11. This recipe originated in our kitchen there and it gives me great pleasure to pass it on to your splendid page and its many readers. I hope it finds as many users as it has heretofore found.

Many of my friends far and near find it indispensable. They tell me their gravies are colorful and full-flavored and how their boys and menfolks go for good gravy.

1 stalk of celery-root, stalk and leaves
1 bunch of parsley
2 medium onions
1 leek
½ or 2 carrots
½ teaspoon thyme or 1 good sprig, the same of sweet marjoram and sweet basil
1 large or 2 small bay leaves
2 or 3 cardamon seeds, cracked
1 teaspoon coriander seeds
½ teaspoon nutmeg, freshly grated
6 whole black peppers, cracked
1 small piece of ginger root
1 tablespoon salt
½ cup granulated sugar

Method: Put all excepting sugar in kettle and cover well with water and allow to simmer until vegetables are very mushy. Then strain through cloth, squeezing well to get all the moisture out. Return to saucepan and reduce through simmering to about a pint. Meanwhile put sugar into skillet or heavy saucepan and keep sugar moving by lifting pan and cook until almost black but not charred. Pour strained liquid over sugar and cook until sugar is well dissolved. Bottle in small bottles which have been sterilized. Small pop bottles are fine. Keeps a long time.

To use: Shake well and add little at a time until color and flavor are just right to suit the taste and eye. Fine for soup, gravies, stews, hash, etc.

Mrs. E. J. Humphreys,
Baltimore, Md.

(We have many requests during the years for Herb Bouquet, Mrs. Humphreys. We are awarding you a prize for this one because it is so easily made and is sure to please some of our readers. Not all will like it, I am sure, because not all people like all the flavors and ingredients used. This quantity filled a small vinegar bottle and we have used it to season and color two or three dishes tried out in our Test Kitchen.—Mary Lee Swann.)

DANDY DRAWINGS

Dear Almanack:

Those silhouettes are certainly excellent. I enjoy looking at them as much as I do trying out your fine recipes.

Miss Rose Folino,
Watertown, Mass.

(. . . and we enjoyed your letter, too, Miss Folino.—The Editor.)

18 Famous Recipes For Varied Meals

SO MANY readers have requested that the prize-winning recipes previously printed in the Almanack, that the editor has collected 18 of them on a handy chart convenient for hanging in the kitchen.

Among them are Chicken in Butter, Snow Ball Biscuits, Jambalayah, Salt Risin' Bread and lots of others you'd like to try.

All 18 recipes are free to you for the asking. But in writing for them be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope to avoid disappointment.

ALMANACK RECIPES, DEPT., 235 East 45th Street, New York City.

NEXT WEEK

What makes the Finns so hardy? How should Chippawa Ribs, Potato Pancakes, Lemon Pot Pie and Cry Baby Cookies be prepared? You'll find the answer to these questions as well as many other prize-winning recipes in the Almanack next Sunday.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Bacon, Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Fritters with Maple Syrup, Coffee.	Canned Figs or Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Cornmeal Griddle Cakes, Tomato Marmalade, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Codfish Cakes, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapes, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Apple Muffins or Blueberry Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Orange and Pineapple Juice, Crisp Rye Wafers, Rolled Omelet, Ice-Box Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Grapefruit and Crabflake Cocktail, Hot Ham Sandwich, Grape Jelly, Sole Dish Spaghetti, Cocoa Ice Cream, Cookies, Tea.	Cream of Tomato Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Sirloin Steak, Paprika Potatoes, Celery, Radishes, Strawberry Cottage Pudding.	Pineapple Mint Cup, Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Hot Orange Puffs with Cream, Tea.	Cream of Onion Soup, Emergency Club Sandwiches, Ripe Cucumber Pickles, Ginger Puffs, Tea.	Tomato Consomme, Chow - Mein, Pepper Jam Sandwiches, Spring Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Mystery Cake, Coffee.	Phildelphia Pepper-Pot, Frozen Salad, Cookies, Tea.	"Red, White and Blue" Cocktail, Pot Roast or Roast Chicken with Oyster Stuffing and Gravy, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Steamed Rice, Creamed Turnips, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Mousse, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Cream of Tomato Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Sirloin Steak, Paprika Potatoes, Celery, Radishes, Strawberry Cottage Pudding.	Southern Barbecue Tamale Pie, Green Asparagus, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Apple Snow or Fruit Gelatin with Custard Sauce.	Celery Juice Cocktail, Smothered Veal in Casserole, String-Beans, Rutabagas, Icicle Pickles, Apricot or Lemon Meringue Pie.	Beef Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Whipped Sweet Potatoes, Green Beans or Beets, Shredded Green Salad, French Dressing, "Patriotic" Sherbet Drums.	Tunafish Creamed with Peas, Glazed Carrots, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Cranberry Pudding.	Broiled Beef Patties, Mushrooms, Riced Potatoes, Favorite Green Vegetables, Grape and Lemon Sherbet, Lace Cookies or Hermits.	Waffles with Creamed Chicken or Peas, Fruit Salad.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNERS

Mrs. Nellie Younkins, Vandergrift, Pa.
Mrs. J. J. Tyrrell, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. A. J. Shorb, Hanover, Pa.
Mrs. J. Tidwell, San Jose, Calif.
Mrs. Anna M. Gerbach, Cadillac, Mich.
Mrs. Glenn Root, Hartford, Mich.
Mrs. E. J. Humphreys, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Thomas Gergel, Jr., Olean, N. Y.
Miss Ella Marbek, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. G. M. Sheldon, Tomahawk, Wis.
Mrs. E. Koch, Maplewood, Mo.
Mrs. Elizabeth Oaks, Easton, Pa.
Mrs. Yvonne Steele, New York, N. Y.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Canned Grapefruit and Crabflake Cocktail.

CHILL a Number 2 can of grapefruit. Chill a 6-ounce can of crabmeat. Drain grapefruit and flake crabmeat. Mix grapefruit and crabflakes lightly and place in chilled cocktail glasses. Mix 1 cup well-seasoned mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¾ tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons catsup and 1 drop Tabasco sauce. Just before serving, pour a little of the sauce over the grapefruit and crabflakes.

Strawberry Cottage Pudding (By Request).

CREAM ½ cup butter or shortening, add 1 cup sugar and beat until smooth. Add 1 beaten egg and mix well. Mix and sift 1¾ cups sifted flour and 3 teaspoons baking-powder. Add alternately with ½ cup milk to the first mixture. Turn into buttered and floured shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cut in squares and serve hot with crushed and sweetened strawberries or strained strawberry pulp and cream or cream sauce.

TOPS ON BAKED APPLES! fresh cream cheese whipped up with a little milk

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FOLKS—TRY MY TASTY NEW INDIVIDUAL CHERRY PIES
THE SPRY CRUST JUST MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH

INDIVIDUAL CHERRY PIES
with flaky, tender Spry crust

5 cups canned red pitted cherries
½ cup cherry juice
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca
6 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 recipe Spry Pie Crust

Combine cherries, juice, sugar, salt and tapioca and fill 9-ounce casseroles about ¾-full. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon brown sugar over filling in each casserole.

Dot with butter. Roll pie dough ¼-inch thick, cut in rounds 1 inch larger than casserole. Cut small designs in tops, turn edges under to fit casserole, place over pies, and seal edges with fork. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with Almond Sauce. Makes 6 deliciously flaky, tender pies.

ALMOND SAUCE

2 tablespoons Spry
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Few drops almond extract
⅔ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
¾ cup almonds, finely chopped

Combine Spry, butter, salt and extracts. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add nuts and mix well. (See what light, fluffy hardsauce you get, using half butter and half Spry. Less expensive, too.)

SPRY PIE CRUST

2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Spry
3 tablespoons cold water (about)

Sift flour and salt together. Add ⅔ of Spry and cut in until mixture is as fine as meal. Quickly form Spry mixes so easily. Add remaining Spry and continue cutting until particles are size of navy bean. Sprinkle water gradually over mixture. With a fork, work lightly into a dough.

(All measurements in these recipes are level)

(Clip and save this Spry recipe)

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The model illustrated is the Buick SPECIAL *model 41 four-door touring sedan $996 delivered at Flint, Mich. White sidewall tires additional.**

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SIGNIFICANT FACT: This year as last, nearly twenty per cent of the new Buick SPECIALS sold are being bought by people who trade in cars in the lowest-price field.

YEAR after year we see the same thing happening—people "stepping up" to bigger cars and better cars—people finding ways in typical American fashion to get for themselves the better things in life.

This year is no exception.

So far, better than one out of every six buyers of the good-looking Buick SPECIAL you see pictured here traded in a car from the lowest-price group.

Some of them were merely fulfilling a long-time ambition to own a full-sized car, a big straight-eight, amply-powered, steady-riding, roomy.

Others were simply taking advantage of a bargain too good to pass up.

But all of them found it easier than you'd think to step up to a Buick.

For this big straight-eight—a hundred plus in horsepower, frugal on gas because of its special Dynaflash combustion principle, actually smoother than a watch by reason of micropoise-balancing *after* assembly—costs less than some sixes.

Its price includes many things you'd pay extra for elsewhere—oil cleaner, automatic choke, Flash-Way Direction Signal, electric lighters, extra horn, sun-visor, taillights and ash receivers.

And that's not to mention things you can't buy anywhere else, such as recoil-mounted Knee-Action, pressure-sealed cooling, and coil springs that never need lubricating, *combined* with torque-tube drive.

And above all is the simple fact that this is a Buick, precision-built to Buick quality standards. Longer than any car of its price, heavier than any car for the money, and with the stoutest frame and chassis you'll find anywhere, it is more car per dollar any way you take it!

Why don't *you* look into how easy it is to buy?

Why not get the net figures, delivered price including equipment?

Work out the per-week cost, count in the lower, long-haul maintenance of a car that's built to take it for years and years.

Others are finding it easy to step up to Buick—and if they can do it, so can you!

Help promote safety—dim your lights when passing

Only car in the world with all these features

★ "MICROPOISED" DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ OIL-SAVING PISTON RINGS IN ANOLITE PISTONS ★ "CATWALK-COOLING" PLUS ULTRA-RAPID CIRCULATION UNDER PRESSURE ★ BUICOIL SPRINGING FOR THE "FULL FLOAT" RIDE ★ FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ AUTOMATIC CHOKE ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION RECOIL WHEEL MOUNTING ★ FORE-N-AFT FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ LOCKED GAS TANK DOOR ★ STRONGER NEW "DOUBLE WALL" TURRET TOP BODY BY FISHER—WITH SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND ★ EASY ACTION HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ SAFETY-UNIT SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS

"Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

★ ★ ★ SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER ★ ★ ★